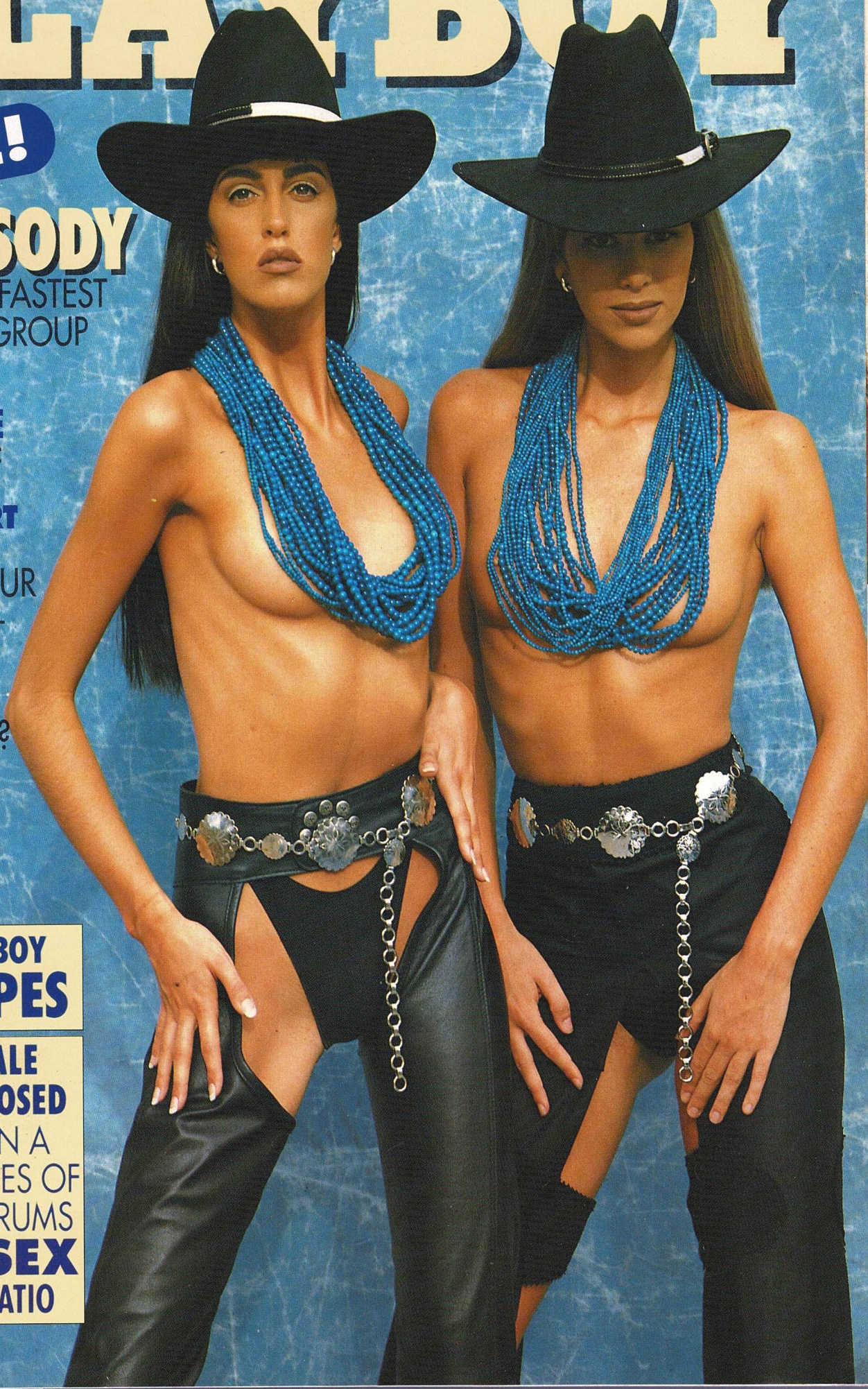
AUGUST 1993

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $6.95 (inc GST)
$5.95*



NUDE!

RHAPSODY
AUSTRALIA'S FASTEST RISING GIRL GROUP

INTERVIEW
ROSEANNE
MOUTHS OFF

MOTORSPORT INJURIES
WHAT ARE OUR GRAND PRIX - HEROES' CHANCES OF SURVIVAL?

BASKETBALL
YANKEES GO HOME?

THE PLAYBOY SEX TAPES

THE FEMALE LIBIDO EXPOSED
THE FIRST IN A UNIQUE SERIES OF ALL-GIRL FORUMS
ORAL SEX
PART 1: FELLATIO

Print Post Approved PP 224792/00002 Vol.8 of 12

FASCINATING
WITH THE EXTREME OF TABAC ORIGINAL
TABAC ORIGINAL
EAU DE TOILETTE
EXTREME.
THE ULTIMATE
EXPRESSION OF
TABAC ORIGINAL.
UNIQUE. POWERFUL.
TIMELESS.
TABAC ORIGINAL
EAU DE TOILETTE
EXTREME

PLAYBOY

august 1993

CONTENTS

LETTERS epigrammatic epistles from erudite eccentrics 5

SEX ADVISER perverse pleas from problem-plagued persons 7

SHOWBIZ vivid vids, moving movies and red-hot rock – plus the latest tittle-tattle 9

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROSEANNE AND TOM ARNOLD tv's battling blue-collar heroes mouth off on incest, feminism and why scriptwriters have a short shelf life 18

RHAPSODY IN BLUE – AND NOTHING ELSE! our fastest rising girl duo finds a great way to promote their new single! 24

NO SPILLS, NO THRILLS if you're going to have a shunt in grand prix racing, take f1 over 500cc any time! 34

AN ENGLISHMAN A-BOARD surfing anyone? a wandering pom tries to do as the aussies do 40

EN GARDE! miss august, kimberly donley, makes her point perfectly 44

THE PLAYBOY SEX TAPES the first in a series of all-girl conversations to blow your mind – and other things 58

LIKE LEMMINGS TO THE SLAUGHTER a wild and crazy quest to basejump a peak in the himalayas 64

20 QUESTIONS: RIP TORN the elder statesman of u.s. actors, who missed out to jack nicholson on *easy rider* 70

ANTOINETTE UPS THE ANTE with a seat like hers, no wonder she wants a stud farm! 74

BIGGER THAN THE GAME marketing is where it's at in rugby league in the '90s 80

YANKEES DRIBBLE DANDY aussie basketball still needs overseas stars to raise its game 84

IF HER FRIENDS COULD SEE HER NOW stephanie adams, descendant of american presidents, has big plans 86

COWBOYS AND INDYCARS nigel mansell's defection is the first skirmish in a new racecar war 92

SUCK MY SOUND SYSTEM – HARDER car audio hits new heights of sophistication 96

THE GAME THEY PLAY IN HEAVEN the home team let down its defences – and the visitor scored 98

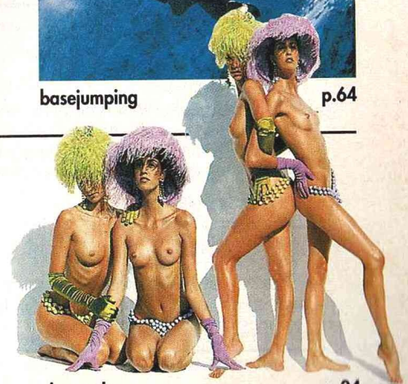
PARTING SHOTS our monthly round-up of matters intellectual 102

roseanne and tom p.18

miss august p.44

englishman a-board p.40

basejumping p.64



rhapsody p.24

COVER STORY

Fast rising girl singing duo Rhapsody serenade their Cowboy Lover. Photography by Bill Georgioussis, styling by Lesley and Charlotte Porter, hair and make-up by John Elliot. Use of location courtesy Leon Wagner.

MILE STONE'S

You'd have to go a long way to find a more versatile drink than Stone's Green Ginger. Enjoy it neat with ice. Or topped with your favourite mixer. Delicious!

MILESTONE'S
60ml Stone's
60ml White Rum
Angostura Bitters
Run a few drops of Bitters down the side of highball glass then fill with crushed ice. Add ingredients and stir. A dash of lemon juice over the top and garnish with slices of orange.

COCO STONE
30ml Stone's
30ml Tia Maria
60ml Cream
Shake all ingredients with a little crushed ice and strain into a cocktail glass. Sprinkle with nutmeg and garnish with a cherry.

APB 18915-A

10105

AUSTRALIAN **PLAYBOY**

PHILIP MASON
publisher
ANDREW COWELL
editorial director

EDITORIAL
GRAHAM BARRY **associate editor**
CHUCK SMEETON **features editor**
BRIAN GOGGIN **proof reader**
NEIL JAMESON, RENNIE ELLIS, DAVID GREASON **contributing editors**
MICHELLE KITZLER **modelling coordinator**
ROB LUCK **motoring editor**
GARETH POWELL **travel editor**
GREG BORROWMAN **hi-fi editor**
STUART HITCHINGS **music editor**
TONY NOLAN **photography**

ART
ROULA ANGEL **art director**

ADVERTISING
LYNDA PRINCE **marketing director**
PHYLLIS AGIOS **promotions coordinator**
KATRINA PANAYIOTAKIS **subscriptions coordinator**
BILL ATHANASSIOU **advertising manager**
victoria CHRIS CROSS MEDIA (03) 885 9541
queensland JANE FEWINGS MEDIA (07) 378 4522
south australia JOHN WILLIAMSON (08) 79 9522
western australia KEVIN O'KEEFE (09) 381 7440

PRODUCTION
IAN WALKER **production manager**
DAVID KENT **production coordinator**
DELIA SINGER **advertising traffic coordinator**
LIZ MARTIN **circulation manager**

FINANCE
ANGIE DASKALAKIS **associate publisher**
JANE PEARSON **accounts payable**
CATHY HUGHES **accounts receivable**

PLAYBOY USA
HUGH M. HEFNER **editor-in-chief**
ARTHUR KRETCHMER **editorial director**
TOM STAEBLER **art director**
GARY COLE **photography director**

PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL
HARESH SHAH **director international publishing**
JUDIE FELDMAN **traffic & production supervisor**
KAREN ZIFFRA **editorial services administrator**
MARY NASTOS, TANYA ROBINSON **assistants**

Australian Playboy is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd (ACN 001 268 060), PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (tel: 02 331 5006, fax: 02 360 5367). The magazine is printed by Hannanprint, 140 Bourke Road, Alexandria 2015, and distributed by Newsagents Direct Distribution (tel: 02 353 0000).

© 1993 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd © *Playboy* as to material published in the May, June and July 1993 issues of US *Playboy*. Playboy Rabbit Head and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). Unless manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted to *Australian Playboy* are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope they will not be returned. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and *Australian Playboy* cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Articles reflect the personal opinion of the author and are not necessarily those of the publisher. Recommended and maximum price in Australia $5.95, New Zealand $6.95 (inc GST).

LETTERS

SUPER STEPH I

When I first heard you were going to have a **Stephanie Seymour** pictorial, I started a constant vigil at my local newsagency waiting for the issue to arrive. As a long-time fan of Stephanie through her appearances in the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issues – and someone who can even forgive her for going out with that **Axl Rose** prat – I must say that the pictorial lived up to all my expectations. She really has to be the most beautiful woman in the world.

A.G.,
Geelong, Vic.

. . . AND II

I think that the toughest part of coming up with the amazing Stephanie Seymour pictorial in your May issue is going to be topping it! First of all, you had the first Stephanie Seymour pictorial back in the July 1991 issue, then came **Rachel Williams** in April and **Cindy Crawford** in June last year; and now a triumphant return for Stephanie! You've had quite a few of the world's top models (I'm sure I've missed more than a couple from my list), so who's it going to be next? I'd love to see **Elle Macpherson**, **Naomi Campbell** or **Iman**, let alone any of Australia's current crop of top models.

J.S.,
Brisbane, Qld.

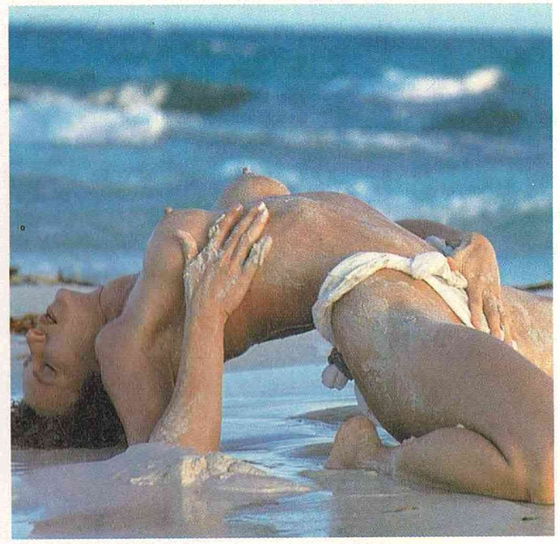
You're not kidding about a tough act to follow! Mind you we'll do our best to maintain the pace . . . – Ed.

SQUARE EYES

I thought your 20 Questions with **Red Symons** in the May issue was great. I've always enjoyed watching him on *Hey Hey It's Saturday*, and it was interesting to read a bit more about him. How about doing more interviews with television stars? Too often, all you ever get to read about them is a load of boring stuff in TV magazines. You guys ask them much more interesting questions. I watch a lot of television and reckon there are heaps of great subjects for you. Any chance of having a chat to **Richard Stubbs**, **Andrew Denton**, **Max Walker**, **Rex Mossop**, **Jon English** or **Paul Lyneham**? A pretty interesting group of people! Of course, ladies like **Jo Bailey**, **Jennifer Keyte**, **Georgie Parker** or **Kym Wilson** wouldn't be too bad – especially in the pictorial sense!

C.S.,
Sydney, NSW.

Wow, you really watch some pretty diverse television programs to come up with a list of names like that. We've actually already done a full-scale Playboy Interview with Max Walker (Jan 1990) and 20 Questions with Jon English (April 1990), but as for the others, we'll see what we can do – on both fronts – Ed.



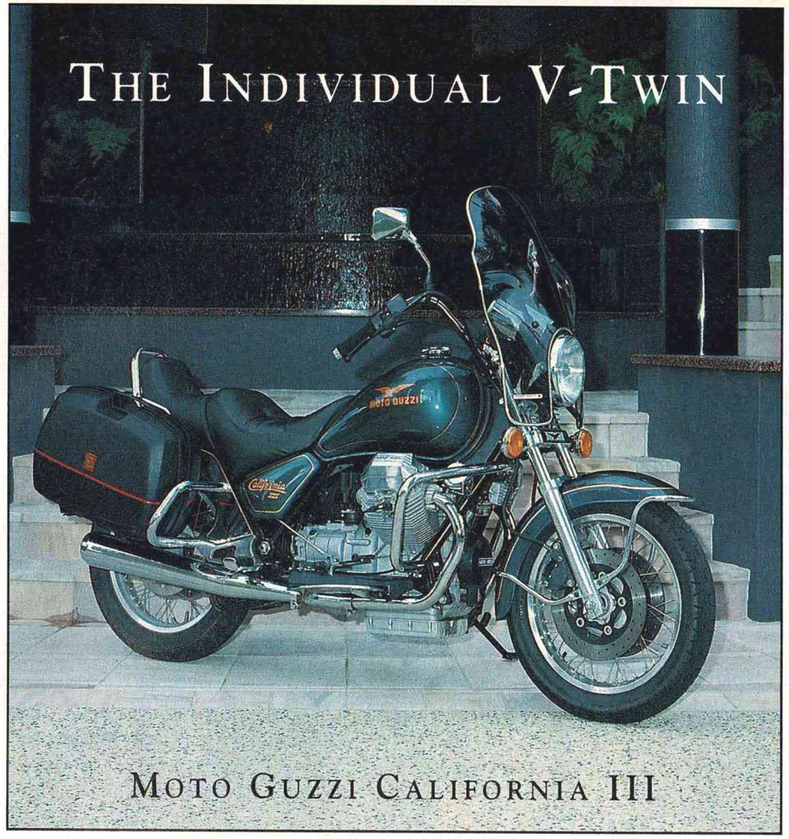
GYPSY FIRE!

As a reader of both US and *Australian Playboy* for over a decade, I've noticed quite a change in the "look" of the women who feature in the magazine – especially the Playmates. May's Suzie De'Atta is a classic case. Her Gypsy beauty is a sight to behold, much better than the "blonde bimbo" look which was almost obligatory in the mid-'80s. Please can I have another look at this girl with fire in her eyes?

D.G.,
Mt Isa, Qld.

You're not alone in your assessment of Suzie. Yours is just one of many letters we've received about her – so we'd better do the right thing with another pic! – Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say.



STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD

How distinctive would you like your bike to be? And how well do you want it to handle?

The 1993 Moto Guzzi California III series is based on the bike we made for the California Highway Patrol Los Angeles Police Department.

It explodes the myth that comfort and canyon riding don't mix.

Pure European handling heritage blended with American-styled open-air V-twin cruise.

The California III offers more. Lots more.

Italian quality and all-round riding class marks this machine as a mature, complete motorcycle. Not just an image. A statement of individuality that stands out from the crowd. Any crowd.

True solid dependable V-twin power • Maintenance free shaft drive • Precision handling on the worst of Australian roads • Braking finesse others dream about • Outstanding reliability and ease of service • The highest owner satisfaction in the world • Choice of carburettors or computerised fuel injection & engine management system • Comfort levels of sheer excellence • Individuality that stands out from any crowd.

From the bare California Classic, all the way up to our top of the range full dressed tourer with integrated fairing, detachable panniers, top box and pillion backrest, Moto Guzzi offers you individual choice.

Whichever California you ride, you'll always stand out from the crowd.

MOTO GUZZI

MOTO GUZZI 1921-1993

MOTO GUZZI: THE INDIVIDUAL RIDE

For more information on how to stand out from the crowd and the location of your nearest Moto Guzzi dealer, contact the Australian Moto Guzzi Distributors:

STOLARSKI MOTORCYCLE GROUP
1022 Albany Highway,
East Victoria Park, WA 6102
Phone (09) 470 2977 Fax (09) 470 2413

Please send details of the Moto Guzzi way to stand out from the crowd and the nearest dealer to me. Post to:

PO Box 668 Cannington W.A. 6107

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Postcode .....Phone number .....

SEX ADVISER

Why women have hymens, the pros and cons of a hairy back, and what a simple cough drop can do to the clitoris.

LIVE AND LEARN

A beautiful woman I was passionately in love with recently broke up with me and I feel like hell. She says she knew how strongly I felt about her, but that she could never return my emotions. I am heartbroken. Whenever I've been dumped, my friends have always said, "She feels as bad as you do". Is that true? I would take comfort in knowing that she also feels like shit, but I'd find it hard to believe. Women seem to walk away so easily.

– D.A., NT.

As much as we'd like to tell you that she's sharing your misery, the truth is that your ex is probably relieved. Being the object of such rapt attention can be uncomfortable. A recent case study found that men are more likely than women to fall in love with someone who does not return their feelings. (Makes us wonder what happened to the women who love too much.) But look at it this way: how much satisfaction can there be in a one-way relationship? Stop obsessing over what you can't control. It's time to move on.

THE MISSING LINK

Back in college, I fell in love with a young, extremely attractive woman. One day, in the midst of a baby-oil back rub, she casually remarked that she was glad I didn't have hair on my back. "I could never love someone with a hairy back," she said with an almost visible shudder. Now, several years later, I have a full back of hair and a complex. While I try to accept it as natural, my ex-girlfriend's comment haunts me, and I can't help suspecting that most women feel as she does. Are there any permanent corrective options or should I enrol in a New Age class to help me accept my inner (and outer) wild man?

– B.B., Qld.

Better to throw that demon off your back than to resort to corrective hair-pulling. Rest assured, there are women who will love the wild – and natural – you. Just as there are women who like them short and others who like them tall, some like them wild and woolly.

WHYMEN?

Why do women have hymens? What good are they if all they do is break?

– C.R., NSW.

No one knows for sure, but naturally there are theories. Many cultures consider the hymen – a flap of tissue that partially covers the vaginal opening at birth – nature's seal of approval for brides. Tradition holds that a woman who remains a virgin until her wedding night will feel discomfort and bloody the sheets when her hymen ruptures. But sex researchers long ago established that in many cases there isn't much pain or blood when the hymen breaks, or it stretches but remains intact, or the woman doesn't have one to begin with. As for its practicality, researcher Charles Panati reports that some anthropologists believe children in much earlier eras learned about sex through mimicking adults, and that the hymen may have developed to grip the boy's small penis. (Those same anthropologists need more to do.) The ancient Greeks actually elevated the tissue to deity, as they seemed to do with everything they didn't understand. Hymen was the god of marriage. A new husband, upon entering his virgin bride, would shout, "Hymen, O Hymenaeus!" In her book, *The Female Of The Species,* Bettyann Kevles suggests the hymen may still have a purpose among modern mammals – but only in blue whales (it keeps the water out).

ORAL RELEASE

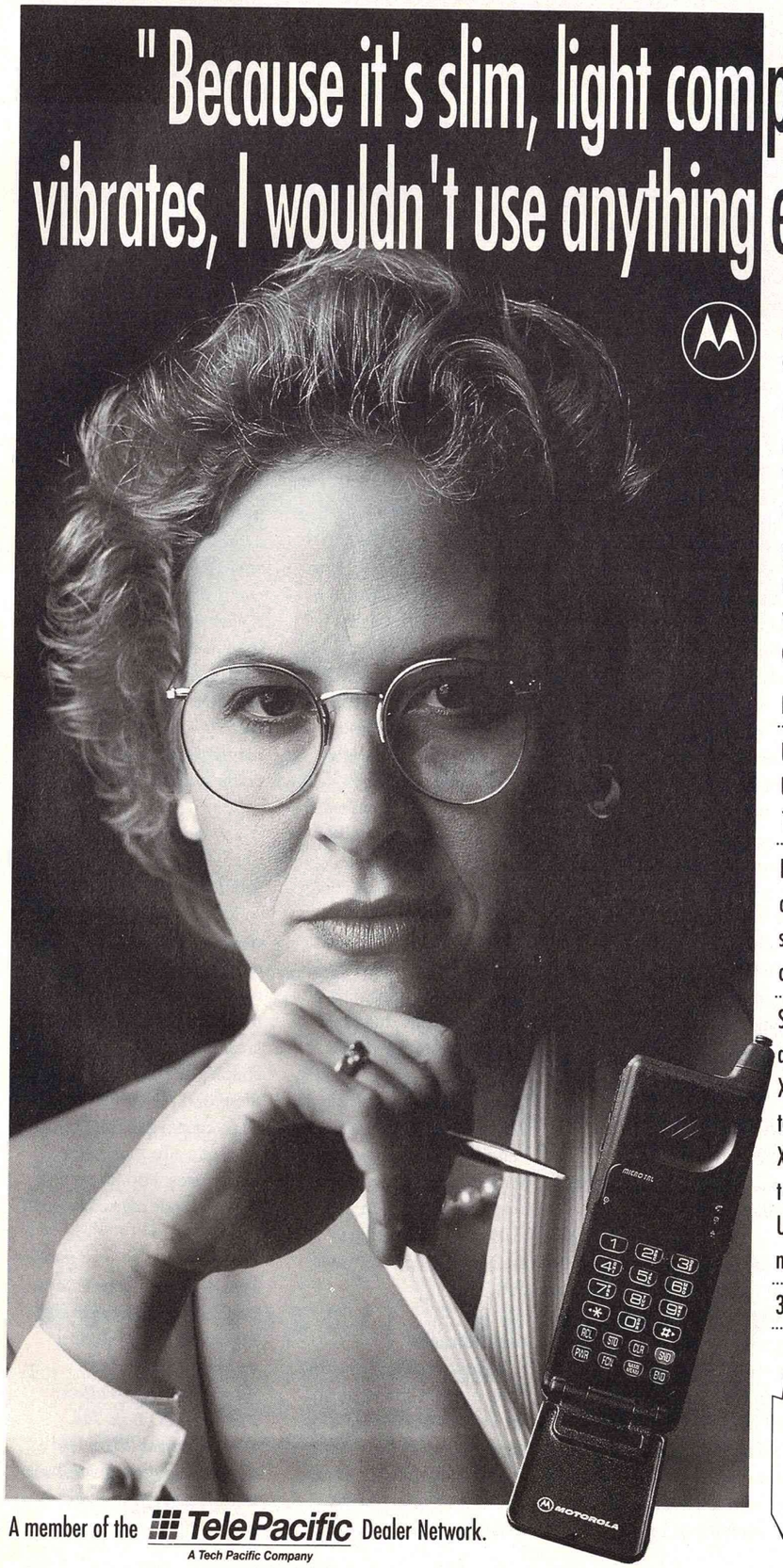
Recently, while recovering from a severe cold, I sucked on mentholated cough drops for my scratchy throat. When my girlfriend and I went to bed that evening, I went down on her as usual, but my breath was still affected by the menthol. To my surprise, she went wild, screaming so loudly I thought the neighbours would hear. She had the most intense orgasms I have ever witnessed. When she recovered 15 minutes later, I blew lightly on her and she immediately had another orgasm. After further exploration, we concluded that the cough drops were the spice in this incredible experience. Can mentholated cough drops cause any medical problems?

– J.B., NSW.

You can use cough drops to enhance your sexual pleasure to your heart's content, so long as you lick the plate clean. (Otherwise you might upset the delicate pH balance of the vagina.) We don't mean to detract from your great discovery, but there are couples already familiar with these oral pleasures. Other items known to have a similar orgasmic effect are some toothpastes, Pop Rocks and chocolate body paint. *Bon appetit.*

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Sex Adviser c/- Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We welcome enquiries but are unable to reply to each reader individually.

"Because it's slim, light compact and vibrates, I wouldn't use anything else except..."



MOTOROLA
Cellular

If you want the latest in cellular phone technology you must select motorola. The MICRO T•A•C ULTRA LITE GOLD has VibraCall™ which receives calls silently, discreetly oscillating when a call is received, so when worn in a pocket, the vibration can be felt and the call answered.

EXCEPTIONAL BENEFITS

Ultra Light and Compact, the Micro TAC Ultra Lite with VibraCall™ weighs only 184 grams.

Excellent visibility with an enhanced alphanumeric dot matrix LED display showing upper and lower case characters, clearly seen day or night.

Supplied with 3 batteries you can talk as long as you want. The High Capacity XT battery provides up to 180 minutes talk time or 24 hours standby. The Slim XT battery provides up to 95 minutes talk time or 12 hours standby. The Ultra Slim XT battery provides up to 55 minutes talk time or 8 hours standby.

3 year limited warranty

A member of the TelePacific Dealer Network.
A Tech Pacific Company

EASTERN STATES COMMUNICATION
401 ROCKY PT. ROAD, SANS SOUCI NSW 2219
TEL: (02) 529 5255 FAX: (02) 529 2305
MOBILE: 018 648 255

MUSIC

Grabowsky rises like a phoenix from Vizard's ashes with Viva Viva, and Lisa Edwards cries all the way up the charts.

Lisa Thru The Hoop

When **Lisa Edwards** hit the top three last year with her debut single, a cover of **Godley & Creme**'s *Cry*, it looked like another case of overnight sensation. But, as usual, reality is much different. Edwards has in fact been singing professionally since the late '70s, when the Adelaide-born vocalist used to make trips to Sydney ("with a chaperon") to sing cabaret in RSL clubs. As she matured, Edwards started picking up support slots on tours for people like the **Pointer Sisters**, but she didn't really come to public attention until she secured the gig as back-up singer in **John Farnham**'s touring band.

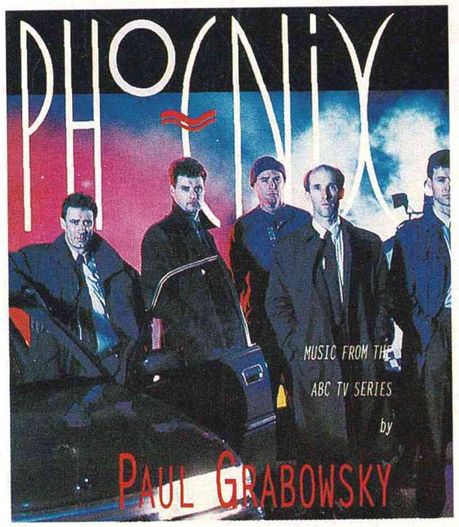
Now, like another ex-Farnham backing singer, **Jack Jones** of **Southern Sons**, Edwards is launching her full solo career with the release of her debut album, *Thru The Hoop* (Polydor). It's an album of varied styles, from the lush pop of Cry to **Janet Jackson**-style dance workouts, which also gives us a glimpse of her emerging talents as a songwriter as well as showcasing her superb voice. And on the album's second single, *Until The Day*, Edwards is joined by Farnham for a duet. "I couldn't possibly say enough good things about John," Edwards told *Playboy*. "He's been the source of so much of my encouragement, support and inspiration, so it was a real thrill when he agreed to sing on my album."

As frustrating as the years of waiting for a break might have been, Edwards now concedes that it may have been a blessing in disguise. "Because of all the setbacks and disappointments I had when I was young I developed a very realistic attitude to the music business. I decided to just keep my head down, keep both feet on the ground and work my butt off. But I always maintained my dream and eventually it came true.

"I've always wanted a solo career, but the responsibility is pretty daunting," she continues. "Suddenly you go from just being one of the boys to the leader and you have to be the strongest person in the group, the one who makes all the decisions. It's going to be a challenge, but one that I've earned and that I'm really looking forward to."

Lisa: Working her butt off

Paul Grabowsky might have been summarily sacked from his lucrative *Tonight Live* gig (see Showbiz, page 12), but that certainly doesn't mean he's been idle. Quite the opposite in fact. He composed the soundtrack to **Gillian Armstrong**'s *Last Days At Chez Nous* and recently his highly evocative and atmospheric work on the soundtrack to the ABC TV series *Phoenix* has been released as an album. But unlike *Last Days*, which boasted 45 minutes of music, Grabowsky had to write additional music for the *Phoenix* soundtrack, once the ABC had taken the decision to release the music as an album. This he's done in brilliant style, conjuring up a sound that effortlessly reflects the dark, brooding atmosphere of the series as well as confirming Grabowsky's status as one of this country's leading jazz musicians at a time when the Australian jazz scene is experiencing an explosion in creativity and diversity.



Grabowski: Not out for the Count

Then there's the further contrast between his first album for EastWest Records, *The Moon + You*, an album of songs recorded with singer **Shelley Scown**, and his more complex instrumental compositions for its excellent follow-up, *Tee Vee*. These will now be joined by his third EastWest album, *Viva Viva*.

Meanwhile Grabowsky recently completed a commission to rearrange songs from German movies of the 1930s for an avant-garde, 24 piece, Munich-based jazz ensemble (Grabowsky lived in Munich for six years) and is now planning to record an album in New York to capitalise on the excellent reviews his albums have been receiving overseas.

"Unless you do something that's really going to draw people in, like **Vince Jones**, which is very commercial in jazz terms, then it's always going to be difficult to maintain a career in Australia alone," Grabowski told *Playboy*."People who are prepared to compromise can get a larger crossover audience, but I feel it's almost my job not to compromise – someone has to stay loyal to their vision, and I'm one of those people who does. But still, it's not as if no one buys my records; I'm not a complete non-event," he laughs. "It's not a real lot of people but it's enough to keep my thing going and I'm happy with that."

DISC HIT LIST

Caron Wheeler *Beach Of The War Goddess* (EMI) The ex-Soul II Soul diva sings up another storm, though the material is patchy. ***

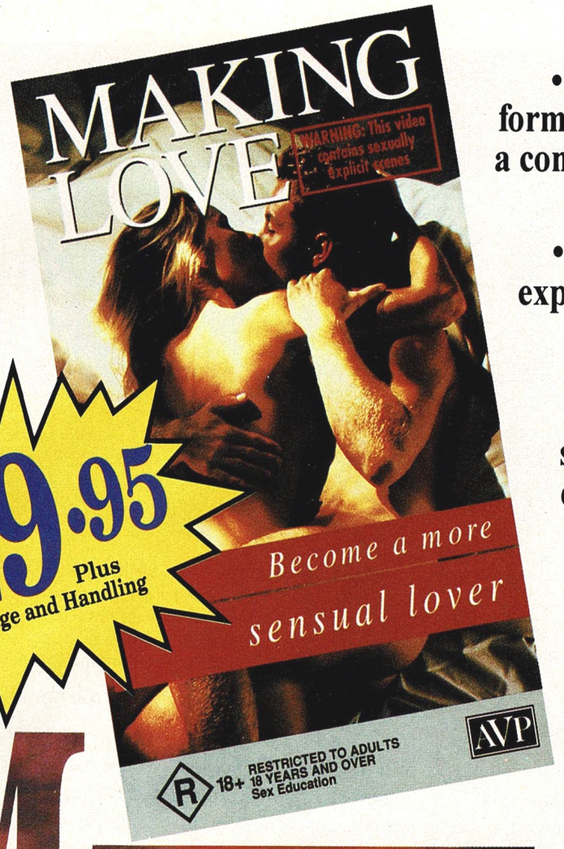
Ray Charles *My World* (Warner Bros) From tough funk to his trademark yearning ballads, Charles is sounding as wonderful as ever. ****

James Brown *Universal James* (Scotti Bros) We just wish we could say the same for James. A long way from his best work. **

Robert Forster *Calling From A Country Phone* (Lagoona) The one-time Go-Between returns home to make an outstanding album of pop with country overtones. ****

Archie Roach *Jamu Dreaming* (Aurora) More confident and musically varied than his debut, this confirms Roach's promise as one of this country's most affecting songwriters and singers. ****

by Stuart Hitchings


MAKING LOVE
WARNING: This video contains sexually explicit scenes
Become a more sensual lover
AVP
R 18+ RESTRICTED TO ADULTS 18 YEARS AND OVER Sex Education

$29.95 Plus Postage and Handling

•MAKING LOVE is a guide to forming, building and maintaining a complete and mutually satisfying sexual relationship.

•Four couples of different ages explain how they began and have retained a fulfilling sexual relationship throughout their lives. The couples discuss and show what has helped them to develop their relationship and talk about any concerns and solutions that they have experienced together.

•MAKING LOVE looks at topics such as sexual attraction, intimacy, massage, a guide to sexual position and much more.

NOW ON VIDEO

MAKING LOVE

Become a more sensual lover

YES! Please send me .....copy (copies) of **MAKING LOVE** at **$29.95** each plus $3.50 postage and handling per video.
I enclose my cheque/money order for $.....made payable to **Video Distributors International** or charge my Bankcard ❑ Mastercard ❑ Visa ❑ American Express ❑

Cardholder's name:..... Card No.: | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
(Please print)

Signature:.....Expiry Date: .....

Address:.....

Postcode:.....Telephone:( )..... (home ❑ work ❑)

POST TODAY TO: VIDEO OFFER, P.O. BOX 9, DOUBLE BAY, 2028 NSW. **OFFER EXPIRES: 30th SEPTEMBER, 1993**

SHOWBIZ

Vizard gets Count-ed out, Anthony Warlow defeats lymphoma, and Rebecca De Mornay ends a nine year drought.

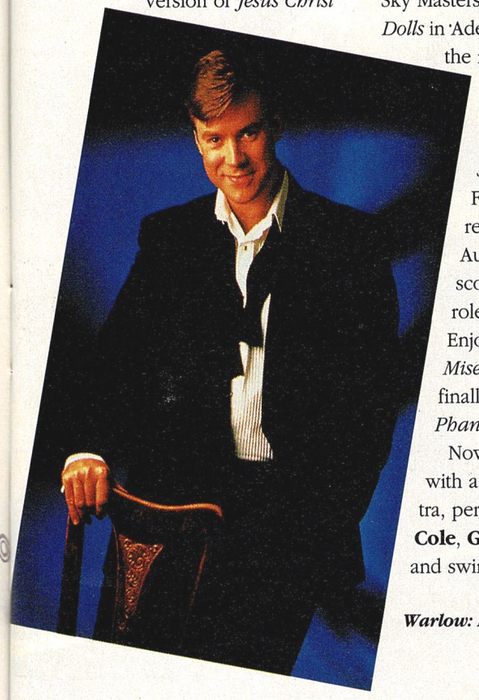
NEWSBREAKS

Executives from Jim Beam bourbon have put together a country music talent search for unsigned artists. If you send them a tape by the end of July, you might be one of five finalists flown to Nashville, where the winner will have a chance to perform live on the Jim Beam Country Caravan. For more info, check with the talent search folks at ARS, 43 North Canal Street, Chicago, IL 60606. Send a legal-sized, stamped, self-addressed envelope . . . Look for **Tears For Fears**' first LP of new material in four years . . . Well, you missed the ninth annual Dylan Convention, a chance for fans to perform their own interpretations of his songs. A different kind of Bobfest, in Seattle, this time . . . **John Mellencamp**'s new LP will be released soon . . . With *Tommy* on Broadway and an original cast recording in the stores, look for the latest **Pete Townshend** album, *Psychoderelict*, out soon . . . *Beauty And The Beast* may be expanded into a Broadway musical for adults, with the special effects intact . . . **Teddy Riley** is going into the fashion biz with a line due out later this year . . . **Crawdaddy**, the dean of rock magazines, published its first issue two years before *Rolling Stone*, then went out of business in 1979. It will be revived as a quarterly newsletter by its founder, **Paul Williams**; subscriptions are $US12 a year (PO Box 611, Glen Ellen, CA 95442) . . . Faber and Faber will publish *The Death Of Rock And Roll* this month. Untimely demises and morbid preoccupations are featured in **Jeff Pike**'s exploration of the death-rock connection beginning with **Robert Johnson**'s 1938 pact with the devil . . . We do like to give you the trends, but sometimes we don't know what they mean. Artist manager **Doc McGee** plans to launch a marriage of home shopping and music on America's Home Shopping Network. Fans can see bands, then call up to buy merchandise and LPs and to get fan club information. McGee will focus on developing acts. Anyone who thought music belonged to the purist missed the '80s. – BARBARA NELLIS

Anthony Warlow? Wasn't he the guy who created the title role of *The Phantom Of The Opera* in Melbourne, and then had to retire with something that sounded like terminal cancer? Well, not far off. Warlow's incredible Phantom garnered him four Mo awards before he left to join the cast of **Harry M. Miller**'s concert version of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, but he was forced to withdraw when he was diagnosed as suffering from lymphoma. But the man they call "the most exciting voice in Australia today" is back, believe it or not, for a concert tour titled, appropriately, *Back In The Swing*, to launch his album of the same name.

Warlow started off at age 19 with the Australian Opera, but left five years later to do Sky Masterson in *Guys And Dolls* in Adelaide and create the role of Gilbert and Sullivan baritone **George Grossmith** in *A Song To Sing-O*. Following a brief return to the Australian Opera he scored the coveted role of student leader Enjolras in *Les Miserables* before finally ending up in *Phantom*.

Now he's on the road with a 35 piece orchestra, performing **Nat King Cole**, **George Gershwin** and swing era classics, in a tour taking in Brisbane, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney, before finishing up in Perth at the beginning of August.



Warlow: Back in the swing

PHONE SEX DEPARTMENT
Def Leppard's *I Wanna Touch You* is being used in a TV ad for a phone-sex hotline. Is the band mad enough to sue? No way. It is amused.

REELING AND ROCKING

The soundtrack to **Tina Turner**'s movie bio will be out any minute with Tina recording new versions of old **Ike** and Tina hits. **Angela Bassett** will play Tina and **Larry Fishburne** will play Ike . . . For the movie bio of jazz great **Anita O'Day**, *Let Me Off Uptown*, interactive technology on the video will allow viewers to retrieve historical info about the period and certain aspects of the singer's life. O'Day will do her own music on the soundtrack . . . *The Crying Game* producer **Stephen Wooley** is making a movie, *Back Beat*, about **Stu Sutcliffe**, the "fifth" **Beatle**. Sutcliffe, a school friend of **John Lennon**, left the band to resume his career as a painter, but not before introducing the Beatles hair-

Unfair *advantage!*

Kawasaki's ZXR750 dominated superbike racing throughout the world in 1992 with national championship wins in Australia, the US, Canada, the UK and Malaysia. In an unprecedented performance, the ZXR's held the superbike lap record at every ARRC circuit by the end of the '92 season. And yet this is a machine that is almost identical to the current Kawasaki ZXR750 road model. Race winning technology, razor sharp handling and breathtaking performance. The Kawasaki ZXR750 - a distinctly unfair advantage.

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

Kawasaki endorses motorcycle rider training.

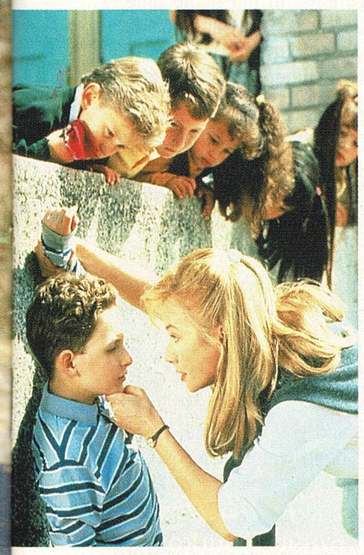
cut. The film stars **Steven Dorff** and **Sheryl Lee** . . . **Judy Collins** plans to produce a film based on her novel *Shameless*, about a photojournalist and her adventures with sex, drugs and rock'n'roll . . . **Michael Jackson** has formed a second production company to make "message movies" and may write some scripts himself.

Every **Tom Cruise** movie becomes a media EVENT but this is ridiculous – as we go to press *The Firm* is just being completed; by the time we hit the streets it will be about to hit the cinemas. Talk about rushing out the product! It's based on a best selling novel by lawyer and current flavour of the book lists **John Grisham** (shades of **Scott Turow**'s *Presumed Innocent*) and co-stars **Jeanne Tripplehorn**, who had her clothes ripped off to such great effect in *Basic Instinct*, plus current Oscar winner **Gene Hackman**, **Holly Hunter**, **Gary Busey** and **Ed Harris**. Director is veteran **Sydney Pollack**, whose most recent work was acting opposite **Woody Allen** in *Husbands And Wives*. We know it's about a bright young lawyer who gets head-hunted for a small firm, then finds himself trapped into laundering drug money, but whether it's any good we must reserve judgment on . . . till we see it.

Tom and Jeanne firm up their relationship

DE MORNAY AND BEYOND

Rebecca De Mornay likes going in unexpected directions. Films as diverse as *Runaway Train*, *The Trip To Bountiful*, *And God Created Woman*, *Dealers* and *Backdraft* underscore the point. The 30-year-old actress's latest is *Beyond Innocence* with **Don Johnson**, in which she plays a lawyer. But though her first movie (*Risky Business*), in which she played a hooker, was a huge success and saw the beginning of a relationship with co-star **Tom Cruise**, another novice, it was all of nine years before her next hit, *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle*, in which she played a strangely sympathetic housekeeper from hell. Says De Mornay: "Did I suddenly become a better actress at that moment? As it is, even if *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle* hadn't been a hit it didn't matter, since I've been working continuously since *Risky Business*. And with very good salaries." Refusing to be drawn on current beau **Leonard Cohen**, she settles simply for saying her favourite animal is the wolf: "Magnificent, lethal, misunderstood and mates for life!"



De Mornay: Housekeeper from hell

Compiled by Graham Barry

TONIGHT LIVE – WITHOUT GRABOWSKY

When *Tonight Live*, then called *Tonight Live With Steve Vizard*, first went to air more than three years ago, a great deal was made of the long-standing friendship between Vizard and the show's musical director and resident bandleader, "Count" **Paul Grabowsky**. In keeping with the show's rather shameless rip-off of **David Letterman**'s late night chat show in the States, this role also required Grabowsky to play foil and straight man to Vizard. He was, quite simply, there to be one of the program's "personalities". Then suddenly, during a review of the program brought on by sliding ratings, it was decided that Grabowsky and band had to go, to be replaced by a rock'n'roll group. So while *Playboy* was chatting with Grabowsky about his *Phoenix* soundtrack release and upcoming album, *Viva Viva* (see page 10), it seemed like a good time to ask him whether his (and the band's) somewhat abrupt departure had strained his friendship with the show's high-profile host.

Grabowsky: [*after a long pause*] Aahhh, yes. Definitely. I was not at all happy about what happened to our band. I'll never be happy about that decision.

Playboy: Was it really a bolt from the blue? To outside observers it did seem very sudden.

Grabowsky: Absolutely. We only found out two weeks before the show went to air that we wouldn't be doing it anymore, and that's not a very long time.

Playboy: And what reason were you given for the decision?

Grabowsky: We weren't, though I suppose the easy answer is that they wanted to change the look of the show.

Playboy: Do you think you were made a scapegoat for other things that weren't working on the show?

Grabowsky: [*choosing his words carefully*] Sure. I would say, without any shadow of a doubt, that the musical content of the show was one of the few things, if not the only thing, that was consistently a quality product. The quality of the music we provided was unquestionably good, whereas I think it could be argued that the quality of the show's other components was patchy, and still is.

Playboy: We thought it was odd at the time, but even more strange when we saw . . .

Grabowsky: [*chuckling*] . . . what the replacement was. Well, it *is* really odd. I can't give you a good answer to why they've done it because when I see the show now I can't really work it out, quite frankly. But they did, and they've got to wear the consequences. I don't think the producers understood that we actually had a fan base, if not an overt one, then a covert one. People might not have realised how much they liked the band until suddenly it wasn't there anymore . . . Okay, three years is a long time and I guess in a way it's good not to be doing it anymore, because it frees me up to do other things. But it would have been nice to have some warning. That's my main gripe. I think that considering we'd done such a good job we deserved to be treated better, and I don't mind that going in print.

– STUART HITCHINGS

MARINETEK® SEAMAX™ Marine System

Color Video Sounder / Fishfinder / Track-Plotter

SeaMax is a true Dual Frequency Depth Sounder-50KHz and 200KHz.

Use the wide 50KHz beam to reveal larger areas, and survey details with the narrow 200KHz beam. Switch from one to the other or display both at the same time in a split-screen mode. Gain level for each frequency can be separately controlled, either manually or automatically.

Underwater image presentation is in 16 levels of color.

With the compact high resolution 6" color CRT display, SeaMax clearly shows fish and the bottom terrain. Choose the display image in color, grayscale, or amber-scale. With features like Zoom-in-Zoom, Auto Range, Bottom Lock, Bottom Track, A-Scope, etc., you have the power to see and find exactly what you want.

By connecting to a Loran-C or GPS receiver, SeaMax becomes a powerful navigational plotter.

With any NMEA-0183 output position sensor, SeaMax presents useful navigational screens, including Plotter, Compass, 3D Cross Track, Nav mode, etc. It is able to store 50 routes and 200 waypoints with depth information. Name each waypoint and pick a meaningful symbol for it to display on the plotter screen.

Split screen mode is flexible.

You may view two different screens at the same time. Split the sounder screen with zoom, 50KHz with 200KHz, sounder with temperature graph, sounder with plotter, plotter with cross track, and many other combinations.

Back-track with the Target Tracker.

Use the tracker on any sounder screen, bottom lock, plotter, or temperature graph. Smartly shows instant information at the target you are interested.

Let SeaMax clean-up the sounder image.

Use Fish ID to identify fish from other objects. Also, three sounder filters may be selected to remove noise from the image.

Various alarm features keep you informed of conditions.

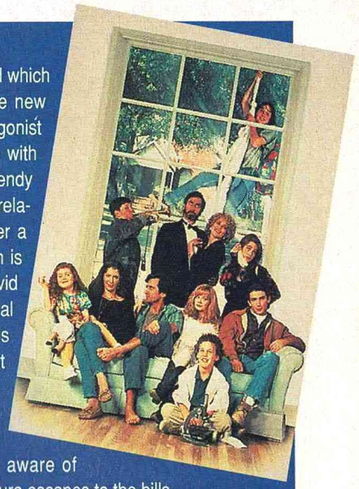
Set alarms to let SeaMax remind you of certain conditions, such as shallow water, deep water, fish found in certain range, battery voltage too low, and arrival to the destination.

MARINETEK® Unit 5/890 Bourke St, WATERLOO NSW 2017
Tel: (02) 310 2688 Fax: (02) 310 2901

VIDEO

British director Mike Leigh says life is sweet – despite everything – and Joan Micklin Silver asks, who'd be a stepkid.

STEPPING OUT



Another small gem about family life, which didn't hit the cinemas and which couldn't be more different, is *Stepkids*, by one of the earliest of the new breed of female directors in the US, **Joan Micklin Silver**. Her protagonist and narrator, 13-year-old Laura (**Hillary Wolf**), is pissed off with life with her mother Melinda's third husband Keith and his two kids – pretty, trendy Corrine and military schoolboy Kurt – where she's treated like a poor relation. She adores her eldest stepbrother Josh, but he's left home after a row with Keith, and although Melinda and Keith's biological child Sam is sweet – and a genius – he's only eight. Laura's biological father David (**Griffin Dunne**) is an artist, a hopeless case who's remarried several times, from one of which Laura has a half-sister Jessie, but David is currently living with Stephanie (**Adrienne Shelley**), who's pregnant with twins.

Neglected and resentful, Laura stows away in Josh's truck while he's in town on a visit, heading off to the wilderness camp where he's employed. Immediately the entire family is up in arms, suddenly aware of Laura's existence, and descends in a swarm on Josh's camp, while Laura escapes to the hills.

It may sound like a shemozzle (and it is), but they're a family of well-defined characters and you soon get to know them all in all their untidy mess. The dialogue is sparky, the situations are very funny, and Wolf as poor put-upon Laura looks like a girl with a great future.

Mike Leigh has an uncanny knack for making small films about real people which have an effect far beyond their commercial exposure. He casts, in these fascinating roles, unknowns whom you're just sure you've seen somewhere – and then they turn up as Oscar nominees a year or so later. (*Meantime*, for example, was the film that gave **Gary Oldman** his start). It's kitchen sink drama at its finest – yet he manages to see the "up" side of life as well as the hardship, where **Ken** (*Riff Raff*) **Loach** (the only director worthy of comparison) leaves you screaming against social injustice. Thus *High Hopes* created great warmth of emotion even though it sometimes contained anything but, as does the undeniably bitter-sweet *Life Is Sweet*, released this month on video.

Essentially, *Life Is Sweet* is about life in an ordinary, not-so-ordinary family. Andy (**Jim Broadbent)** and Wendy (**Alison** (*The Singing Detective*) **Steadman**) have married young, and are now the apparently happy-go-lucky parents of 20-year-old twin girls. The girls look identical (even though in real life they're not even related!), but couldn't be more different:

Appearances to the contrary, life is sweet for Jane Horrocks, Timothy Spall and Claire Skinner

Natalie (**Claire Skinner**) is a laid-back, easy-going, slightly butch plumber's mate who enjoys, in her rather gloomy fashion, a game of pool with the boys; Nicola (**Jane Horrocks**) is an anorexic-bulimic, chain-smoking, sarcastic, foul-mouthed stay-at-home whose only pleasure, apart from binge-eating, is to have her "boyfriend" smear her naked body with chocolate and lick it off.

Why are they so different? Their parents, who have clearly survived hard times by looking on the bright side, have no idea, and live from day to day: chef Andy with his dreams of independence fed by a slightly sus drinking mate Patsy (**Stephen Rea**, Oscar-nominated for *The Crying Game*, in which Broadbent played the barman!) and shop manager Wendy good-naturedly trying to help out their friend Aubrey (**Timothy Spall**) in his outrageous *nouvelle cuisine* restaurant.

Life Is Sweet is often intensely funny, but ends up heartwarming and deeply emotional in an utterly unsentimental way. When Wendy finally confronts her unhappy daughter in an effort to convince her that her parents love her, one's irritation with her relentless jokiness melts in the sincerity of a beautiful speech as moving, in its way, as the classic **Marlon Brando** ("I coulda been a contender") speech in the back of the cab in *On The Waterfront*.

I exaggerate not: *Life Is Sweet* and Steadman won the New York critics awards when the movie came out.

VIDEO HIT-LIST

All-American Murder Did bad boy Charlie Schlatter kill the nice girl in the class? If he didn't, who did? And was she really so nice?! **

Chaplin Fails to encompass a fascinating life, expecially with miscast Robert Downey Jr. **

Glengarry Glen Ross Death Of Several Salesmen, especially Jack Lemmon, if they can't sell some crummy real estate, with Al Pacino looking the best shot in a stagey movie. ***

Rapid Fire Good-natured karate thriller starring the late, great Bruce Lee's little boy, the unfortunately equally late Brandon. **

Shadows And Fog Woody Allen gets accused of being a serial killer, while Mia sells herself to the highest bidder. Who says life doesn't imitate art? ***

by Graham Barry

FILM

One man makes a blockbuster for 10 grand; the rest try to please everyone and fail. That's movies for you.

So how does someone manage to make a movie like *El Mariachi* for $US7000 (that's $10,000 in real money)? Well, it's not exactly unprecedented – after all, Australia produced the first zero budget movie last year in *Mad Bomber In Love*, and great fun it was too, despite the understandable technical weakness. But the point about *El Mariachi* is that it stands up technically too, well enough to catch the eye of a major studio at a film festival and qualify for a major distribution deal – now that *is* unprecedented!

Its only begetter is **Robert Rodriguez**, who produced, directed, wrote and persuaded various members of his family to do most of the donkey work (such as acting). It could only have helped, of course, that it's a Mexican film, set in Mexico. But at no time is it hard to watch, hard to hear or hard to follow, the normal trademark of any low-budget film. Okay, it's grainy and improvised but, hell, what about **John Cassavetes**? It's brimful of ideas and expertise that make it a cert for remake with a great deal more money.

El Mariachi himself is a wandering guitarist hoping to set himself up as a mariachi musician in town. Wearing black and carrying a guitar case he strides into town, just as a big-time bandit breaks out of jail thirsting for revenge on a gang boss who has tried to have him rubbed out. He storms into town wearing black and carrying a guitar case – containing his machine-gun!

Clearly it's a simple comedy of mistaken identity – but the laughs are milked cleverly and the inevitable shoot-outs are orchestrated for maximum effect. Only the end betrays a debt to Mexican sensibilities. Don't be surprised if it makes its money back in Australia alone – with a few noughts added on the end.

by Graham Barry

ODDS AND SODS

Talk about filming the unfilmable! *Orlando* would surely be the first attempt to bring a novel by the fiercely avant-garde intellectual **Virginia Woolf** to the screen. English director **Sally Potter**'s movie is gorgeous to look at, tracing the history of Orlando (**Tilda Swinton**) from his origins as a boy at the court of Queen Elizabeth I (**Quentin Crisp**, an inspired piece of casting) complete with a frozen-over River Thames and a ravishing Russian princess to ravish. He goes through a change of sex a century or so later, and then experiences motherhood via an affair with a visiting American (**Billy Zane**). Other reviewers claim she undergoes another change of sex, but I can't say I noticed. Unfortunately the whole exercise is pointless except as an extended hymn to Woolf's great lesbian love, the amazing **Vita Sackville-West**, who has inspired acres of print and television, one way and another, through her incredibly wayward marriage to the diplomat **Harold Nicolson**. But while Woolf's influence on literature has been enormous, her direct appeal is to a fairly limited intellectual pool. Unlike *El Mariachi*, *Orlando* will never transcend the art-house/festival circuit.

Tilda Swinton and Quentin Crisp in Orlando: She plays a boy, he plays a girl

Neither for that matter will *Sumo Do Sumo Don't*, even though it makes a brave attempt to demystify Japan's strange obsession with enormously fat men wrestling each other with a tale of a university failure given a chance to redeem himself by joining the sumo team. Since all the hastily mustered members are virtually skeletal, their eventual successes are utterly unbelievable, and while it obviously borrows from *The Karate Kid*, especially in the exhilarating climax, its attempts at belly laugh humour are a bit hit-and-miss for Western tastes.

The same applies to *Gross Misconduct*, and for vaguely similar reasons, since it comes from the hallowed Australian tradition of creating an American role and importing an American TV star in the hope of sewing up an international deal, then watching the film die the death on the domestic market. Whatever **Jimmy Smits**'s merits on *LA Law*, he is intensely irritating as the supposedly charismatic, saxophone-playing professor, one of whose students becomes obsessed with him.

Strangely enough, the sub-plot of the girl's problems is a perfectly valid one for a movie but it is subordinated to increase Smits's profile, and in the hands of **George** (*Man From Snowy River*) **Miller**, who is more suited to the epic sweep, a psychological tangle becomes rampant melodrama.

Sumo Do Sumo Don't: Belly laughs

MOVIE SCORECARD

Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story Jason Scott Lee is a credible kung-fu master coming back from a broken back to movie stardom, but his early death remains a mystery. **

Greenkeeping Laconic Aussie comedy that gets so laid-back it stalls, despite Mark Little's best efforts as reformed larrikin trying his hand at tending a bowling green. **

Hot Shots Part Deux Often hysterically funny farce from the *Flying High* team, with Charlie Sheen reprising his role as idiot flying ace, taking on Saddam Hussein Rambo-style. ***

Made In America Whoopi Goldberg as single mother whose daughter discovers her dad was donated sperm from hokey car salesman Ted Danson. Ruined by irrelevant slapstick and sentimentality. *

Sliver Forget censorship hype and negative crits, a pretty good thriller of the *Rear Window* variety with the ultimate snooping landlord. And Hitchcock would have loved Sharon Stone! ***

A diamond is forever.

You've got the rest of your lives to be sensible.

A diamond engagement ring. A month's salary that lasts forever.
For more information write to the Diamond Information Centre, 234 Sussex Street, Sydney, NSW.

INTERVIEW

roseanne & tom arnold

A candid conversation with TV's battling blue collar heroes about incest, feminism and why scriptwriters have a short shelf life.

The Arnolds met in Minneapolis in 1983, when they were neophyte stand-up comics. He opened her show. They were both overweight, overindulgent products of overcomplicated lives. He had a reputation as an irresponsible wild man with a taste for drugs and alcohol. Roseanne Barr, as she was known then, was a foul-mouthed and abrasive comic whose whining housewife humour struck a nerve among dissatisfied women and sympathetic men.

The two quickly became best friends and together they took refuge on the road from their tawdry home lives. Tom had just escaped three years as an Iowa meat-packer; Roseanne doubled as a house-trailer Frau with three kids and a husband who worked for the post office.

"Tom was like the guy me," Roseanne explains. So they dressed alike, heckled each other from offstage, got high together, spent sexless nights in the same hotel room and had more fun than two lower middle-class couch potatoes thought they should ever be allowed.

And that's before either one of them became famous.

Roseanne hit it big first. After four years of perfecting the wisecracking, gum-chewing Domestic Goddess, she arrived in Los Angeles in 1985 and landed at the Comedy Store.

Within weeks, she had been discovered by The Tonight Show and signed to a Home Box Office deal. Then, in 1988, the producing team behind The Cosby Show made her the star of her own series. It was an immediate ratings success.

Tom's career took a bumpier path. After winning a Twin Cities Laugh Competition, he arrived in Los Angeles from Minneapolis in 1988, trying to build a career in comedy – and to forget such instances as a three-day stay in jail for urinating outside a restaurant. His old road buddy Roseanne took him in, despite the fact that she was still married to (but separated from) her former husband, Bill Pentland.

By then, Roseanne's public troubles had begun. The media took her to task for staff upheavals on Roseanne. There was a palimony suit by her ex-husband and weird, exhibitionist behaviour as Roseanne and Tom greeted the world as a couple: they showed off their tattoos in public and mooned people. She fired two managers and filed a lawsuit – since settled – against her former agency, Triad, for mishandling her career. And let's not forget her rendition of the national anthem, which earned her the enmity of President George Bush. She also came out as an incest survivor, causing her parents and siblings to denounce her publicly and leaving some in the media to wonder if Roseanne was telling the truth.

But the biggest source of controversy was the relationship between Tom and Roseanne. Tom was well known

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLAN CATES

as a guy whose cocaine binges were so bad he sometimes hallucinated that there were cameras in the walls making a drug-abuse documentary – with him as the star. Her family and soon-to-be-ex-husband called him a homewrecker. Some in Hollywood thought he was a talentless hanger-on, riding on Roseanne's skirttail. Others saw him as a Svengali who took over Roseanne's life and manipulated her into naming him executive producer of her show.

These events and others were fully documented in the tabloids, on talk shows and in the gossip columns. Yet despite the extensive media exposure, the Arnolds still confuse and fascinate people. To find out why, we sent contributing editor ***David Rensin*** *to get the untold story. He met with the couple on and off for nine months at their Brentwood, California, home, on the Roseanne set and at their temporary trailer in Iowa, next to the site of their as yet unfinished mansion.*

PLAYBOY: There's hardly a day when your name isn't in a magazine, a newspaper or mentioned on TV. How do you explain America's fascination with Roseanne?

ROSEANNE: It's because I'm so goddamn cool.

PLAYBOY: What's so cool about you?

ROSEANNE: I'd rather be sorry than safe. I'm interesting because I'm not afraid to think, to make mistakes, to disagree, to stand alone. I'm not going to tell someone I like them if I don't. I can't work with people I don't respect. I'm not afraid to fight.

PLAYBOY: Clearly. You always seem to be involved in a controversy.

ROSEANNE: Some of my controversies I've chosen, a lot I haven't – they're thrust upon me just because I'm me.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

ROSEANNE: I made up my mind when I got into show business that I was always going to be honest and wouldn't try to hide anything.

PLAYBOY: That's certainly not standard operating procedure in Hollywood.

ROSEANNE: That's why I like it. Look, I'm a comic. I'm not the fucking president. Everything comics do is to expose hypocrisy and dishonesty, so why wouldn't I be honest, for Christ's sake? Besides, I'm not ashamed of anything I've done or lived through.

PLAYBOY: But don't you sometimes reveal too much?

ROSEANNE: I still have secrets I haven't told anyone.

TOM: No, you don't. You used them up on *Donahue* and *Sally Jessy Raphael*.

ROSEANNE: I've never just gone out and flapped my mouth. I don't talk about anything that I'm not comfortable with or haven't decided beforehand to talk about. I make those choices after a lot of thought. I don't talk about my sexual fantasies like Madonna does. I didn't pose for a book and call it *Sex*. I'm not self-promoting to make money. I say what I say because my fans want to hear it.

TOM: If Madonna were in recovery and got to the point where she could talk about that kind of stuff, it would help a lot of people, too. For recovering alcoholics and recovering sex-abuse victims, part of recovery is talking about it.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean "if Madonna were in recovery"? Are you saying she may have incest or abuse issues herself?

TOM: I assume that she's in such a vacuum, as was Elvis Presley with his drug problem. Who's going to get to her to help her?

ROSEANNE: Her whole attitude about sex is that of a sex addict. Sex addicts are totally devoid of any spirituality, any connection to the rest of their lives. That's what she's touting as liberation, but it's not. It's the opposite of liberation.

PLAYBOY: Have you spoken with her about this?

ROSEANNE: No. As if she'd fucking listen to me. I'd like to talk to her about it because I think she's talented and I think it's sad. She's very vulnerable. Also very intelligent. I don't know if Madonna's problem is incest, but being obsessed with your sexuality is a sign that you've been sexually abused.

PLAYBOY: Really?

ROSEANNE: Yeah. It's not normal to be only about sex. Anybody who has it as number one is fucked up. You can quote me on that. Her entire art is about that. Maybe when you're an adolescent, sex is really number one. But not when you're an adult, or a parent. Sex isn't gross or dirty or anything like that. I just don't like it when people shove it down our throats like it's supposed to make up for all the other stuff that's been taken away.

PLAYBOY: The latest uproar is over your faxing caustic notes to TV critics who lambasted *The Jackie Thomas Show*.

ROSEANNE: I will fax people for the rest of my fucking career and my life. So be watching!

TOM: Madonna started faxing after Rosie did. People want her to fax. They'll write bad reviews now and go, "Please fax me." And she doesn't just send one, she sends 20.

ROSEANNE: It's so that one fucker can't get no money off it. It's just a copy, it isn't an original. Otherwise they'd give it to their grandkids and try to make money off it.

PLAYBOY: Of the three critics you've faxed, your missive to *USA Today's* Matt Roush was the most controversial because of references to his sexuality. You say the fax was private, but he made it public.

ROSEANNE: He once reviewed Tom's cable special and said it was the worst thing on TV and that he hated Tom, and that if Tom gets a show he's never going to watch it and that he never watches my show when Tom's on. That isn't a review, that's a personal attack. I personally attacked him so he would know what it felt like. I wrote, "You're in no position to judge anything about heterosexuals."

PLAYBOY: So you're implying –

ROSEANNE: He absolutely is gay. I could tell by the way he wrote the review. It was heterophobic. It was full of fear and loathing for a heterosexual male. You can read homophobia, you can also read heterophobia. If you're a student of the media, you can tell everything about people – their race, culture, etc – by the way they write. Writers are so fucking smug they think they're above all the things that make them up, but they're not. They're not godlike, they're human beings, and I get tired of their smugness.

PLAYBOY: You're making good use of your success and money. A fancy house. A Bentley in the driveway. The huge spread in Iowa. Jewellery. Your new diner in Eldon, Iowa.

ROSEANNE: Well, I can buy a whole bunch of shit. It's cool. But our values and political ideals aren't any different. We're still pro-union all the way. Tom used to work in a meat-packing plant. Money and success didn't change nothing except that now we can get in really good restaurants. We don't have to wait in line.

PLAYBOY: Probably no television series did more to depict the bleakness of the recession. How do you take to the idea that *Roseanne* played a great part in getting George Bush kicked out of office?

ROSEANNE: Thanks. I set out to do just that.

TOM: Two years ago. We never wanted to mention it, but we wanted to show –

ROSEANNE: We wanted to show what was going on.

TOM: What the American family was going through politically.

ROSEANNE: I've been offended by all this talk of the great upward mobility in America. I wanted to say, hey, that isn't what's fucking happening, not in my world and not in the majority of people's worlds. And it ain't right. Jobs got sent overseas. Who got rich? Those fuckers and their buddies.

TOM: And then they blame the Japanese.

ROSEANNE: They always blame another race.

PLAYBOY: How do you two feel about George Bush now?

TOM: Let me tell you a story. We had Loretta Lynn on the show earlier this year –

ROSEANNE: She's friends with Bush. She says that she came unglued all over him for what he said about me. She had fucked up the national anthem, too.

TOM: I'll tell it so it doesn't sound like you're telling it.

ROSEANNE: Okay, go for it.

TOM: So Loretta said that Bush took her aside and said, "You know what? I screwed up. I was too hard on Roseanne. I know she was doing her best. The press put a microphone in my face and I said she was disgraceful. I screwed up and I always felt bad about that." That was pretty cool of him.

PLAYBOY: How's the show going to change now that Clinton's in?

TOM: The Conners will win the lottery.

ROSEANNE: We have no idea if Clinton is going to be any better or any worse. The only thing we liked about him was that he ignited a little bit of hope in people. And we're always for hope.

TOM: And civil rights and women's rights. If he sticks by those things, then he's our man.

ROSEANNE: And if he doesn't do what he said he was going to do, we'll be on his shit, too.

PLAYBOY: You went to the inauguration?

TOM: Yeah, we liked it.

PLAYBOY: Have any private moments with the president?

ROSEANNE: We met him once.

TOM: I blew him.

ROSEANNE: Honey!

TOM: Yeah, we think he and Hillary are real nice. We especially like him because he also survived the media. They're survivors within their marriage. That's a great example for a lot of people.

Roseanne: I used to be a feminist, until the first time Tom grabbed me by the hair, threw me up against the wall and fucked me in the ass.

PLAYBOY: What were you thinking when, as a housewife with three kids, you started out to make it as a comic?

ROSEANNE: When the '80s started, I thought it was time that a woman spoke as a woman about being a woman. My background was 10 years of feminist politics. Reagan was in, I was working in a feminist bookstore in Denver. Budgets were being slashed for women and children. I remember panicking because we knew one homeless person. And things were getting worse. So I decided to get vocal, to go out and start yelling because nothing else had worked. I've always taken up causes. I've always had something to say. I suppose because of my fucking weird life, my family problems and being raised as a Jew in Utah, I've always been very interested in exposing the rotting core of everything. I got disgusted and went through a marching-and-speaking phase. Then I got amused. Then I became a comic.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall the transition that took you from disgusted to amused to the comedy stage?

ROSEANNE: Just before I was to give a speech at the University of Colorado at Boulder about feminist ethics, using these four-dollar academentia words, I suddenly realised that there was no such thing as feminist ethics because there was no such thing as feminism anywhere in the world.

PLAYBOY: Critics have said that you are anti-male.

ROSEANNE: I don't blame men. That makes me gag. We all did it.

TOM: [*Nudges Roseanne*] You hate men. You know, men.

ROSEANNE: I have never said I hate men. You're full of shit, I have not said that.

TOM: You used to say it.

ROSEANNE: But did I say that today? [*To interviewer*] No, because Tom has totally mellowed me.

TOM: And tell him what changed you, the first time that –

ROSEANNE: Oh, please.

TOM: You said it before.

ROSEANNE: I'm not going to say it in this interview.

TOM: Oh, okay.

ROSEANNE: Shall I tell him that line?

TOM: Yes, dear.

ROSEANNE: It's gonna piss everybody off. [*Pauses*] I used to be a feminist, until the first time Tom grabbed me by the hair, threw me up against the wall and fucked me in the ass.

TOM: What's wrong with that? I think that's nice.

ROSEANNE: Yeah, that is nice. That's every guy's fantasy – that his wiener saved your life.

TOM: Funny you'd use the term "wiener" after saying "fucked in the ass".

PLAYBOY: Okay, we'll move on. From the first season of *Roseanne* there have been problems with producers and writers. Is the turnover on your show any more unusual than the turnover on other shows?

ROSEANNE: No. We have a different rule from other shows. We turn over our writers every two years, for the sake of freshness.

TOM: At least. Bob Meyers, the guy who people say we most recently fired, is writing our movie for Jon Peters. He was up with us to win the Golden Globe. He's a great guy. We gave him a Rolex. I recruit writers knowing that every two years I'll turn them over.

PLAYBOY: Do you tell them this?

TOM: Do they know it? Hey, I hire them for one season at a time, then I'll renew them for another season. You know where they go when they move on from our show? They move up a notch and run other shows.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that you expected the writers and producers of *Roseanne* to kiss your ass?

ROSEANNE: I said, "Let me just understand something. How come you all are not kissing my ass, since I let you work on my fucking show?" They were really shocked. They thought that I should be kissing their asses because they had given me a television show.Hey, I finally figured out what my problem is: I just don't know how to kiss ass. Now, it's not like I can't get along with nobody, because I will suck the dick. But I'd rather suck dick than kiss ass, because sucking the dick is a decent business proposition. You get your 20 bucks up front.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you somewhat grateful?

ROSEANNE: I was supposed to just show up and do it and be grateful – like Tim Allen, whose *Home Improvement* show is a total rip-off of my show.

PLAYBOY: You forced out another producer, Jeff Harris. Then he took out a trade ad that said he was taking a vacation in the relative peace and quiet of Beirut.

ROSEANNE: And I answered back, "They won't think you're funny in Beirut, either." He tried to fire Tom all the time. His whole life became about firing Tom. Then Tom choked him. It was fun.

PLAYBOY: Were you married at the time?

ROSEANNE: We were living together. That's how people are here: their arrogance blinds them.

TOM: Do you think they'd fire Cosby's wife? Hell, no. What kind of balls would you have to have to do something that stupid? Of course, at first, he told you he wanted to fire me and you said to me, "Sorry, honey." I said, "What do you mean he's going to fire me? It's your show." You go, "Oh, yeah!"

ROSEANNE: I realised, fuck, it is my show. I realised that after you choked him. Tom comes down and goes, "I'll fire his ass! He's not going to fucking fire me!"

TOM: "He's going to have to fucking carry me out of here." I have been fired three times on the show.

ROSEANNE: Tell him about when I fired you, honey.

TOM: I was fired from the first show. I was the warm-up guy. I was so bad, I deserved it. Then Rosie fired me my first day as a writer because we had an argument. I got hired back the second day. She had called to apologise that evening, wondering if we could still talk on the phone as friends. I said, "What the fuck? Fuck you!"

ROSEANNE: So he hung up on me.

TOM: I was so pissed. Then I went back to work the next day.

PLAYBOY: Now you work together and you go home together.

TOM: We like that a lot.

ROSEANNE: It's not like we're constantly hugging, kissing and chatting. Most of the day we ignore each other.

TOM: Although, you would like that if we hugged and chatted all day.

ROSEANNE: I would like that if we did, but he ignores me.

PLAYBOY: ABC has given you a two-year renewal for $US2million per show. Where does the money go?

TOM: It's far off. They don't know.

ROSEANNE: Honey, tell him . . . [*Whispers in his ear*]

TOM: Okay. I can tell you that Rosie is the highest paid entertainer ever, as she should be. She has a bigger deal than Cosby's.

PLAYBOY: You're well paid. Are you also a good actress?

ROSEANNE: I'm a great actress.

PLAYBOY: How proud are you of your movie debut in *She-Devil*?

ROSEANNE: What a fucking piece of shit, huh? It was a terrible disappointment to me. Imagine, my first movie, with Meryl Streep, Sylvia Miles and Linda Hunt. How much more incredible can you get? I was honoured and in awe. But the direction stank. Susan Seidelman [*the director*] fucked up my movie career.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to an earlier subject: incest and child abuse. Some people don't believe your story and think it's another publicity ploy or the work of an unstable mind. Even *People* ran an article exploring the veracity of your claim.

ROSEANNE: Like I couldn't think of anything better than to say I'm a survivor of incest. Like I couldn't come up with a better media event than that. Like I don't have enough money or my show isn't number two. What the fuck did I have to gain from that – except for judgmental people going, "Oh, it's another Roseanne thing"? Well, they weren't there. Fuck them. Just fuck them. They really piss me off. People say this stuff about any survivor who comes forward. They try to discredit you. And that's a part of the reason why it continues, why it's accepted. To question any victim is hideously immoral.

PLAYBOY: What can be done to improve things?

ROSEANNE: People are going to have to redefine the term "child abuse". People say, "Well, we only spanked her, it wasn't abusive." Well, fuck, that is abusive.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that your child abuse never involved actual sex?

ROSEANNE: Actual sex? You mean penetration? Well, there's way more to "actual sex" than penetration. Besides, we're not talking about the orifice that was raped, we're talking about the child.

PLAYBOY: In an issue of *TV Guide*, your sister Stephanie contended that your sex-abuse charges come from an "overheated imagination".

ROSEANNE: I'm staggered and speechless that she, of anyone in the world, would say that.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROSEANNE: I know that it happened to Stephanie, too. My parents gave me custody of her when she was 17 years old. I got her out of their house when she phoned me from her bedroom and told me that Dad had molested her. I said, "You get your ass on a plane." She came to live with me and my three kids. I went into bankruptcy because of that. And my other sister, Geraldine, came out and lived in our basement, too. For five years no one spoke to my parents about it. But my sisters and I talked about it every day for hours and hours.

PLAYBOY: Both Stephanie and Geraldine strongly deny everything you say. In fact, Geraldine has said, "[*For Roseanne*] to say [*she's*] an incest victim absolves all [*her*] acts of the past." What acts?

ROSEANNE: She means my firing her as my manager. I thought she was there for me because she was my sister. But I think now she was there for a pay-off, and obviously that's true. My sister and I were very close, as close as two sisters can be. I supported her for 10 years. It's over now. She has to get a job, do some work.

PLAYBOY: Let's focus on your relationship. Why is it working?

TOM: Because we work at it real hard. We don't take it for granted.

ROSEANNE: We were so wild and crazy in our younger years. To be actually intimate and honest with another person is really intense for both of us. Neither of us ever had that with a sexual partner.

PLAYBOY: Did you really break the furniture the first time you made love?

ROSEANNE: We were so scared.

TOM: But we just went for it. That was one time we just cleared out our heads. Eight years of "We can't go over that line". We had to propel ourselves violently over that line.

PLAYBOY: What if the sex had been bad?

ROSEANNE: It wouldn't have mattered.

TOM: I learned about the mechanics of sex from Rosie. When I grew up, I didn't know that women enjoyed sex. I didn't know what it meant for a woman to come until I was about 25. Somebody got real pissed off at me and said, "What the fuck?" There's so much more going on than just sticking your dick in somebody and humping away. I learned that from Rosie because I took time to relax. There's spiritual stuff involved. And I'm still learning. I have a lot to learn.

PLAYBOY: Is there a dark side to all this?

ROSEANNE: We used to really Sid and Nancy out.

TOM: I threw her around a few times. She'd be screaming at me and I'd throw her on the floor.

ROSEANNE: One time he was in bed watching TV and I got this big baseball and threw it at his head.

TOM: It wasn't just a baseball. It was encased in this acrylic stuff. There used to be nights of terror when she had PMS. She'd be raging. She'd say, "Fuck, that's it!" Then she'd go out in her car. She'd call and hang up on me. There was all this insanity. I'd have to go looking for her. Finally, my therapist said to me, "Don't chase her anymore." So I quit and then she quit doing it. She didn't like it anymore.

PLAYBOY: Are you jealous?

ROSEANNE: Yeah. Well, I'm protective.

TOM: I don't want to give her any reason to be jealous, either, because that puts her in a scary place. However, we have certain friends – her girlfriends – who she's not jealous of.

Roseanne: He always talks about women's boobs. So I had my girlfriends pin him in a chair, pull up their shirts and rub their boobs all over him.

ROSEANNE: My girlfriends all gave Tom pictures of them naked from the waist up for Christmas. I framed them for him. I think they're funny.

TOM: She took the pictures.

ROSEANNE: He always talks about women's boobs. So I had my girlfriends pin him in a chair, pull up their shirts and rub their boobs all over him.

TOM: And you haven't heard me talk about them since, have you? No.

ROSEANNE: Other women better not try anything with you because I'll mess them up really bad. I'm a working class woman. I'm not one of those dainty types who doesn't know how to fight.

TOM: She's not a very good fighter, though. She's tough. She has hit me. When she's mad she's a killer, but I don't want her out there fighting. I don't let men talk to her on the phone. I don't give a shit that they're her old comedy friends. I couldn't care less. I'll talk to them first and then we'll talk to them together at a club.

ROSEANNE: He doesn't let me call up any of my guy friends I used to party with.

TOM: Absolutely not. You can see them at a club or invite them over to dinner. I'd love to have them over.

PLAYBOY: You can't see them alone?

ROSEANNE: We met Jesse Jackson at Farm Aid. He said he would really love to sit down and talk over lunch. I was really excited. Tom said I couldn't have lunch with him unless I brought him to our house. I said, "You're being ridiculous." Tom said, "If you do, I'll show up and kick his black ass."

TOM: I meant it.

PLAYBOY: Care to explain?

TOM: I don't allow my woman to go to lunch with other men.

ROSEANNE: Tom doesn't allow his wife to do any of that.

TOM: With any man. I wouldn't care if it was the Pope, gay guys, anybody. Doesn't matter. It's inappropriate. I don't know Jesse Jackson. I like him as a man, I like his politics. But I'm not going to let any man, even my rabbi, who's asked, have lunch with my wife. I don't believe in it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you trust Roseanne?

TOM: I know nothing would happen, but you don't put yourself in slippery situations where something could happen, even if it's not going to happen. If he's gay, I figure she could change him. If he's a rabbi, well, rabbis date. Jesse Jackson, he's a man. I don't approve of it.

PLAYBOY: You're serious.

TOM: I'm a hundred per cent serious.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say "black" ass?

TOM: I don't mean to sound racist. I'm not. I'd kick his Jewish ass or his fat ass or whatever kind of ass he has. I would kick it. I just wanted her to know what would happen if she had lunch with him.

PLAYBOY: You reportedly bristle when someone calls you Roseanne Barr. What does that make you want to do?

ROSEANNE: Beat the holy fucking shit out of 'em, kick 'em in the nuts or cunt, rip their fucking hair out, throw 'em down a flight of stairs, jump up and down on 'em, tie a rope around their neck and drag 'em down the street, set 'em on fire, throw 'em through a plate-glass window, hit 'em in the fucking head with an axe.

TOM: And force them to marry her ex-husband.

Rhapsody in blue

. . . and nothing else!

Australia's fastest rising girl duo finds a unique way to launch their latest single – with naked talent!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL GEORGIOUSSIS

Heard the new single from Rhapsody that everyone's talking about (and whistling and humming and what have you)? It's actually a remix of their earlier hit, *Cowboy Lover*. Explains lead singer and spokesperson Kymberlie Harrison: "It's been done by the same team that remixed Yothu Yindi's *Treaty*. If you remember, *Treaty* only went mega with the dance mix. Our original version of *Cowboy Lover* was a slow, suggestive, reggae number (and a very successful one too), but we reckon it's got *huge* potential as a dance track!"

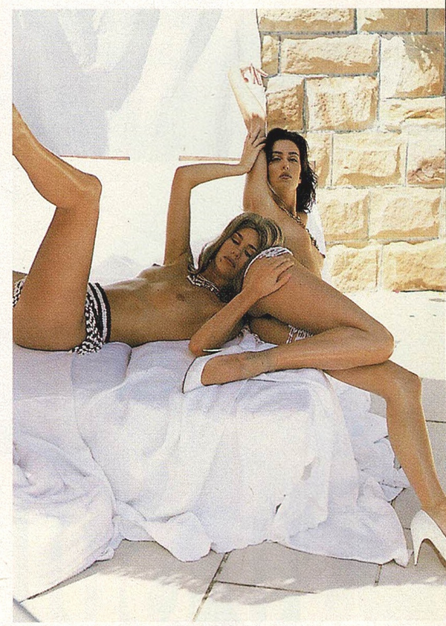
But of course much of a record's success depends on its promotion, and Rhapsody collectively decided that the best way to launch the dance mix of *Cowboy Lover* was with a *Playboy* pictorial – and what a pictorial! Both Kymberlie and partner Cathy Ford have been singing and modelling with great success since they were young – indeed Cathy still does model, and Kymberlie, who had loads of high fashion/catwalk experience as the Kolotex Leg Girl, would love to when she's got the time (Gianni Versace, are you listening!) – so going the unclad way of Cindy Crawford and Stephanie Seymour into the pages of *Playboy* seemed like a logical progression.

Kymberlie smiles roguishly: "I was in the record industry before we started Rhapsody. I was in A&R and I was Laser Music's producer on Melissa's two big hits, *Read My Lips* and *Sexy (Is The Word)*. I know what it takes to build a hit.

"The thing is to see the overall picture," she insists. "Remember, the original meaning of 'rhapsody' is 'enthusiasm'. And that's what we're about: enthusiasm!"

So what's next for these two avowed admirers of Christina Amphlett and Grace Jones, who've given us a whole new meaning to "rhapsody" in their, well, rhapsodic pictorial? Kymberlie's vibrant features lighten into an enthusiastic (there's that word again!) grin: "Later this year we're going to do an old Sergio Mendes and Brazil 66 number at the same time as we release our album."

As far as we're concerned, on the strength of this dazzling pictorial, it's "Tomorrow, the world!" for two rare beauties destined for stardom.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLSPORT/APL

No Spills, No Thrills?

Motorsport is dangerous by definition, but how are the two biggies – Formula One cars and 500cc motorcycles – keeping safety standards abreast of the speeds made possible by modern technology? Danny Gardner investigates.

Midway through the 1992 500cc world motorcycle championship, you really began to wonder about the sanity of the participants. Wayne Gardner, who in his 11 year career in Grand Prix racing has broken wrists, legs and feet, cracked vertebrae, and pummelled his balls to the point where surgical removal was considered, was one of the few top contenders still "standing" after the Dutch Grand

No Spills, No Thrills?

Prix at Assen. And he'd just got up to speed again after breaking a leg in Japan!

Wayne Rainey, Kevin Schwantz, Eddy Lawson and John Kocinski, not to mention Mick Doohan, had all come to grief in serious crashes. By the ninth round in Hungary, Doohan had a massive points lead, with big challenger Schwantz, like him, on a hospital bed. Wayne Rainey, who had flown home early from Assen, too sore from his previous shunt to ride, realised something: if he could beat Doohan and Schwantz back to their seats, he could revive the cause of his title defence. By season's end he'd done just that. He'd clinched his third successive crown.

Incredibly, not one of the 14 leading contenders had gone through the season without crashing out of a race. The first-four on the table had only a one-in three finishing rate over the season. There'd been seven different race winners, but rarely had a full field faced the starter.

A serious question had to be asked: was this the way for a world championship motorbike series to be won – by the denominator, literally, of who doesn't fall off, wins.

People looked back to the crash-marred 1990 season for pointers, particularly the race of disaster at Laguna Seca, when almost half the riders came off over the weekend. It was a particularly black day for Oz, with Wayne Gardner breaking a leg and Kevin Magee being given the last rites, alongside Bubba Shobert, the man he'd virtually run over on his slowing-down lap from third place.

Whatever went wrong with the 1992 championship, it largely turned into a follow-the-ambulance farce. Grids were robbed of previously advertised attractions, with many riders fronting up with casts on and pins inserted, fearful of giving anything like their all in case their breakages were crippled further by another accident.

But as a stoic Mick Doohan would say: "I don't think anyone in the sport should worry about luck in riding a bike. You know what you're in for."

Wayne Gardner knows crashing comes with the territory, which is why at the British Grand Prix at Donington he said: "It's time to give my body a rest. If I could guarantee going through the next season without hurting myself, perhaps I wouldn't be retiring. But this sport is getting more and more demanding."

Barry Sheene, a two-time champion, used to race virtually held together by steel plates and pins, and recognises it's the price he was willing to pay. And he could cite many riders who had taken a trip to the crematorium instead of the physiotherapist.

Riders have always been coming off bikes at speed. But what is it that has made the world championships so perilous of late? An incendiary power/weight ratio with inadequate handling and tyre technology to suit? Unsafe circuits with insufficient rider input on their maintenance? Or Varying standards of medical facilities?

Serious action from last year's French Grand Prix.

If we look at the car-racing scene and its pinnacle, Formula One, we see an apparently much better record on safety: fewer cars than in previous years crashing during a race, and then mainly during intense one-on-one situations; very high standards in circuit safety and immediate medical care; less damage to drivers by keeping them in a carbon fibre safety "cell" during crashes.

Gone are the out-of-control tumbles into the crowd of the '50s and '60s; the pile-ups and body-flipping bang-'em-ups on the narrow, undulating corridors of the old road-racing tracks; even the enormous sensitivity of the first ground-effect chassis of the early '80s with its capacity to change its handling in a blink or imitate a porpoise without warning at high speed.

Grand Prix followers can remember the graphic crashes of past years: Gilles Villeneuve's launch into death off the back wheel of Jochen Mass's March at Zolder in 1982; a trapped, writhing Didier Pironi on a wet Hockenheim Saturday, the entire front of his car carved off at the rivets; Nigel Mansell's Williams fishtailing to its demise along Brabham Straight at Adelaide in 1986; Gerhard Berger's Ferrari erupting like a torch after slewing into the wall, Imola, 1989; Berger's motionless silhouette blackening like a self-immolating Buddha as the life-saving seconds ticked away; and Nelson Piquet's horrific cannon into the wall at Indy practice.

Amazingly, since Villeneuve and Paletti met their maker in the 1982 season, no drivers have died during a Grand Prix. And despite some horrific injuries sustained by the likes of Martin Donnelly, Johnny Herbert and Phillipe Streiff, there's been only one fatality in a non-race F1 situation – Elio De Angelis who was killed in a test session at Paul Ricard in 1986. In the 1950s, two deaths a year were common, and there was one a year from 1966 to 1970. Yet from then to now the speed of the cars, particularly through the corners (where g-

forces have been strong enough to promote blackouts), has risen spectacularly.

But one must also ask the question: where is the fine line between making motorsport safe enough to function and yet not reducing its basic spectator appeal? How many spectators, after all, want to see crashes before they've considered they've been to a motor race?

Beyond basic rider error, the seat of motorcycle racing's crash problem would seem to lie in two main areas: circuit safety standards (including medical facilities) and the dynamics of the 500cc racing package – light weight, gobfuls of power and apparently inadequate analysis and understanding of tyre and handling factors.

The current watchdog of circuit safety, and riders' concerns generally, is the International Motorcycle Racers Association (IMRA). In the 500cc championship class, Albury's Peter Goddard (the leading non-factory rider in 1992) and Wayne Rainey (the current champion) were the riders' representatives on the six-man IMRA committee last year.

"If a rider has a problem he can tell someone on the committee," Goddard says, "and the six of us will discuss it when we have a meeting."

Goddard felt some of the crashes in 1992 were caused through inadequate practice time per race. "When something new has been developed there are only two one-hour sessions pre-event and two one-hour qualifying sessions to sort it out." A necessarily quick evaluation to improve a rider's pace, in that short time, has often led to his gambling on his racing set-up, with unfortunate results.

"Unfortunately there were some conflicts with tracks that were cleared by IMRA as safe, and the riders' feelings in general after the first practice." He added all efforts were being made to correct this situation in the future.

Barry Sheene has dire memories of circuit conditions when he was racing in the mid-'70s. "The old FIM [*Formule International Motocycliste*] governing body used to be made up of people who owned the circuits. It was obviously in their interests to cut corners, compromise on safety problems with the state of the tracks. I pressed for rider representation, to speak to the FIM con-

The mangled wreck of an Indy car – and the driver walked away

gress on safety issues. The FIM hated me with a real passion because I stopped the Isle of Man from being part of the World Championship."

Obviously, traction is a key to keeping a bike upright. Are present levels of tyre sophistication in the 500cc class keeping pace with engine developments?

"Current Grand Prix motorcycling revolves around tyres because they are the governing factor," responds Goddard. "All teams are now working to make the engine and handling package suit the tyre. Down the consistency more than maximum-grip trail."

Unlike Formula One racing, the use of computer telemetry by the bikers is relatively new, and something only a couple of top teams can afford to any meaningful extent.

Peter Ingley, for 20 years a Dunlop rubber technician, and now a freelance consultant, says, "There's no harder machine to fit tyres to properly than a 500 motorcycle. Not even F1 cars." As well, in Ingley's opinion, "there are probably only five riders in the championship who can really sort the rubber."

The Formula One set-up regarding qualification and safety upgrading of circuits is much more sophisticated. As Roland Bruynseraede, Grand Prix director, explains: "The Formula International Sport Automotive's standards for F1 circuit safety and facilities are very high. At every track there are always adjustments concerning kerbs, barriers, gravel bats and run-off areas. The rising speeds of the Grand Prix car are always making changes necessary. So circuits . . . pass the tough yearly inspection."

What is the extent of interplay between FISA and the Formula One Constructors' Association, the car-building arm of Grand Prix? "We are always working together. Like a team."

Drivers' input into this process is recorded at the briefings before Grand Prix practice at a circuit begins. J. J. Lehto, a comparative newcomer to F1, comments: "It seems to work, the system. We can make suggestions, give our opinions and they seem to take it on board."

Jean Alesi, Ferrari driver, agrees: "If you have a big accident, the medical units are quickly on the scene."

On the other hand, Gerhard Berger, Adelaide winner '92, laments that the drivers are not acting together as a group more. "There is no cooperation between us, little unity."

Doctor Syd Watkins, 63, is the Formula One medical inspector and, unofficially, the "family doctor" for the Grand Prix circus. "In some circumstances of a big accident, it's sometimes hard for the driver to know who's actually trying to help him. Who is trying to do what to them! They are obviously anxious they won't get injured any further than they already are. My presence, as someone the drivers know, a sort of 'father figure' if you like, seems to help control these things."

Watkins, a former neurosurgeon, has been attending Grands Prix since Sweden in 1978 and remembers when he first met Gilles Villeneuve, who said then: "Prof, I hope I'm never going to need you."

No Spills, No Thrills?

Villeneuve's injuries at Zolder '82 were so bad that, "indeed it was too late for anyone like me to help him."

It's revealing to consider Barry Sheene's feelings on Grand Prix doctors when he was racing. "When I was riding big-time, I learnt very early that even with something as simple as a broken collarbone, you need your own arrangements for medical care in place. I'd tell my dad and my sister, who used to go to each race with me, the people I wanted taking care of me if I was knocked out and injured. Mick Doohan has learned that lesson the hard way. After Assen, if anything happens to him now – God forbid – he'll insist only Doctor Costa can see to him."

Doohan owes any effectiveness of his recovery to Doctor Costa, the miracle medico of the motorbike fraternity. But after Doohan's accident at Assen, and before Costa could see him, the Dutch doctors at the hospital he was taken to plated and screwed the bone, and then, for reasons Doohan cannot understand, cut the skin "from the knee to the ankle on the back of my leg and on top of my foot".

An appalled Doctor Costa got Doohan out of the hospital and to his clinic in Bologna via helicopter. Doohan, on Costa's advice, then decided to wait until subsequent skin grafts had been given plenty of time to work before he made his comeback at Brazil. Even then the injury was reported as looking like a dog had mauled it! What should have been a six-week recovery time was more like eight weeks and it cost Doohan the world title. For the last two races he was just hoping everyone would fall over and praying he wouldn't. At Kyalami his movement was still so restricted he couldn't muster enough pressure to use the rear brake.

In motorcycle Grands Prix it seems there is little consistency in the treatment offered to accident victims, no guarantee of the service one will receive. There are no such ad hoc arrangements with F1, under the rigorous eye of the FISA Medical Commission. Nothing is spared to ensure the medical centre is in order, and that the intervention vehicle carrying Doctor Watkins, the rescue helicopter, and the medical personnel (hooked up by two-way radio) are in place.

Each F1 circuit pays for medical equipment, facilities and vehicles, car retrieval cranes and such like, as part of its event-staging cost. The medical operations body, led by Victor Vacenza, tells FISA if they need new vehicles and facilities at a particular track, and the circuit owners/promoters must meet this demand or risk losing the Grand Prix. In making new recommendations to FISA, the medical commission conveys feedback from the respective national bodies (Confederation of Australian Motor Sport in Australia), who hear grievances from drivers, team owners, etc.

On the question of a driver's being cleared race-fit after an accident, particularly in the previous day's practice, the FISA medical commission brief is no less vigilant. The driver concerned must undergo strict tests of body movement and co-ordination, mental attitude and comprehension, besides the obvious monitors like blood tests and cardiovascular registrations. The trickiest cases involve concussion. Drivers with head injuries may feel perfectly *compos mentis* but lack the wherewithal to control a car at high speed.

There have been claims that some of the motorcycle accidents in GP '92 have been caused by riders coming back to race not only wearing casts but insufficiently fit mentally.

Gerhard Berger taunted Bernie Ecclestone: "Are you going to force us to race then? Just don't get sanctimonious if one of us gets killed!"

In fact, Goddard himself had to sit out a race last season because of concussion after a big shunt. He also raced twice in '92 with an injury, though, as he explains, "Something like a broken hand may be okay to ride with after a couple of weeks, though full recovery will be six to eight months due to internal joint bruising.

"Doctor Costa, for instance, works under a simple idea: if the rider wants to ride, Dr Costa will do his utmost to make that possible, in the strongest and safest way he knows."

This doesn't get us past that problem of the injured but still racing biker's not giving the crowd its money's worth because he is physically prevented from doing so.

In after-care situations, the hours of physiotherapy stretch indispensably ahead of the injured like torture. The old days of waiting until the bone, or whatever, is knitted before stretching and exercising the attendant tendons and muscles are now history. Modern instruments and rehab procedures have speeded up recovery times dramatically, even for those with less bravado and self-drive than motorcycle aces.

There's no doubt the principal reason for Formula One's safety-success rate has been the employment of the carbon fibre cell – virtually unbreakable despite the massive pressures it undergoes during a crash. Twenty years ago the cars were much, much slower – but they were also more dangerous.

The late David Purley survived an accident at the 1977 British Grand Prix during prequalifying when he hit the wall at Becketts Corner at 165km/h, shattered his legs and shortened his car by 66 centimetres. In comparison, Martin Donnelly hit a barrier at Jerez 13 years later, travelling almost 50 per cent quicker, and his overall injuries were comparatively less.

As Lotus technical director Frank Dernie says: "I don't believe cars can be made safer by necessarily making them slower." The idea appears to be to keep the driver more protected within his carbon fibre shell. Every year the requirements of FISA's crash-test for constructors get tougher. Conducted on what's called a Cranfield rig, it involves the whole chassis's being subjected to front-on abuse, plus there is the compression test at four points along the side of the chassis (subjected to loadings in excess of 2000kg), testings of roll hoops in three directions at once, and a compression test on the underside of the fuel cell area. "Every year, like taxes, the crash-tests get tougher," says Ken Tyrrell, F1's oldest constructor.

And structural rigidity is, of course,

Frenchman Erik Comas escapes from his car after a practice crash, but help is quickly at hand

the one constant the constructors can control when wet races scramble all their other parameters.

The problem of wet races is also one of the thorniest for race promoters. TV satellite hook-ups and schedules, sponsors' investment, etc, mean that the race must proceed if at all possible, if not at the advertised time, then as soon as practicable. A major shunt that aborts the running after one lap or so means an automatic 30 minute interval before a second start.

At Adelaide in 1989, F1 drivers argued with their team managers over starting in the perilous conditions. Prost, who'd already won the world championship, was the ringleader of this action. As the rain poured down Gerhard Berger lent his support with this taunt to the organisers, and clerk of the course Tim Schenken and FOCA chief Bernie Ecclestone particularly: "Are you going to force us to race then? Just don't get sanctimonious if one of us gets killed!" Significantly, Berger relented when the final order, "to your car", was given.

Prior to its '92 regulations, FISA decided the organisers in F1 could call a race "wet" and order drivers in to change rubber if conditions deemed it.

This was less than universally accepted. Among others, James Hunt, commentator for the BBC and a former world champion, asserted: "Drivers should know best when to pull in for wet tyres and not have to wait to be told by the organisers!"

Obviously, FISA's carbon fibre safety "cells" are of little intrinsic use for 500cc motorcycle competitors who come to grief. The F1 maxim may be: drivers should stay in their cars during an accident; but people fall *off* bikes.

In motorcycling, the injury-window is so much wider. You can try and ensure the rider's not pitched off his bike by unsafe track conditions, sure. You must get help to him as soon as possible if he does. You must provide protection for when he makes contact with the landscape (though beyond back protectors and joint padding, anything else would add so much weight, the benefits would be cancelled out automatically). But apart from that, it's up to the wheel of fortune and the rider's daring.

Which brings us to the last set of questions: what price can you put on motor racing's ability to excite the spectator? How safe is soporific? Do fans want to see crashes? Motorsport's sometimes macabre public profile, and TV's creature-feature previews particularly, can lend this impression. The driver wars/media soap operas feed on it shamelessly.

But most motor-racing fans have other ideas. "Close dicing is much better than blood and guts *per se*," said one. "The thrill is the suspense that an accident may happen rather than the bingle itself." However, another stated: "The shock value generated by a major accident, which then thaws back into a pumping of adrenalin, is addictive." And another: "An accident with fire is a horrible thing, but you can't help watching it in fascination," and "It's okay to see a stack at a corner close to you, but it's a different matter if it's going on over your head!" And "I don't feel involved until there's a shunt. It could be part of that heroes-versus-villain thing."

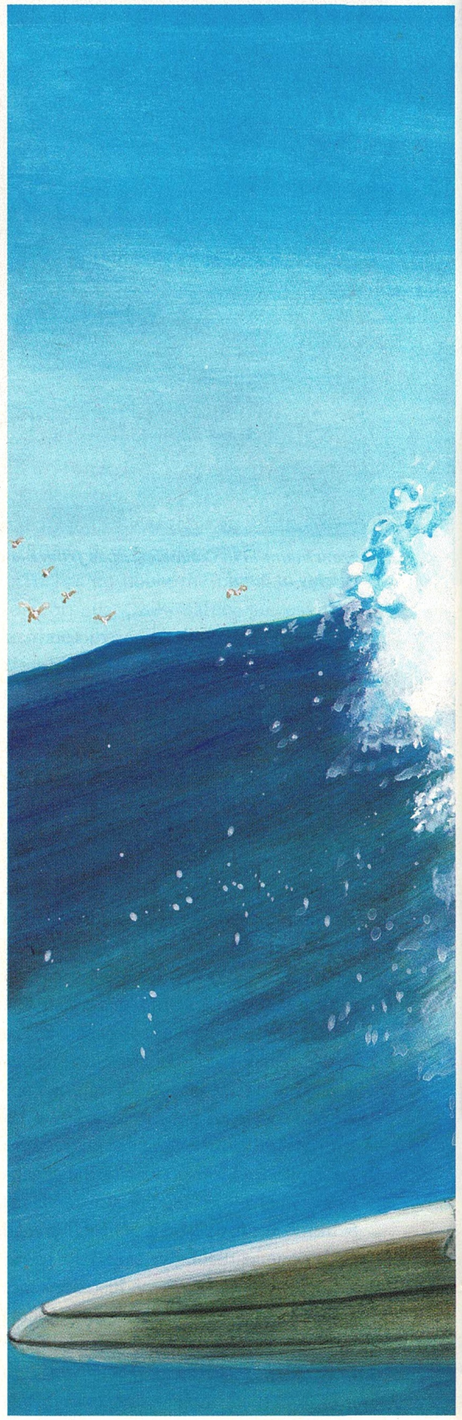
Bike fans are often seen as mental boofheads, but that profile is changing. And, just as often, they're very knowledgeable about the machinery and the way they, as riders themselves, relate to the process: "When a guy comes off, you really feel for him. You've been there yourself."

It must be said, too, that the camaraderie among bike fans echoes the racers' sense of fraternity compared with the cold, aloof F1 champions, seemingly more concerned with money than enjoying their racing. The winners' podium congrats to rivals always seem more genuine from the bikers.

As one motorbike champion admitted: "You really have to trust a guy when he's dicing with you." Because it's more intimate the bikes offer closer racing, though more on TV than they do live. The sheer noise and phenomenal speeds of the F1 cars, plus their size, makes their presence on a track so much more effective.

That's an important point to consider when you realise far more money is generated by TV exposure than people filing through the turnstiles. And millions of dollars would not flow into the sport if the racing became so protected that the spectacle was neutered by safety.

In the ideal world then, it seems motor racing has to be hard, fast and close, but safe enough in accident prevention and treatment that most of the drivers/riders will be around to contest the next race, and all the sponsors will get their investment's worth – but with enough crashes or possibility of incident that fans will be kept excited and keep watching. It's the single moments of drama that matter most. If we get an excess of incident, for instance when the weather turns and conditions become uncontrollable, then everyone's a loser.



AN ENGLISHMAN A-BOARD

When in Sydney, do as the Sydneysiders do, thought daredevil Pom Max Anderson. Like, how about the odd involuntary roundhouse cutback before near-drowning?

Learning to surf in Australia when you're English is pretty much like trying to marry into the Royal Family when you're Australian. Basically the Royals don't tolerate thong-prints on their croquet lawn, just like the crown princes of Aussie surf hate boofy Brits buggering up their briny.

But this is not to say that I failed to learn anything while struggling to master the sport. For instance, I learned that Bondi Beach has a large sewage pipe stretching out into the ocean.

"Aww, yeah, mate, it's pretty good surfn raand here," said one guy strutting down to the water. "But yew'd be bedder off in Bondi."

"Oh really?" I asked earnestly, trying to walk backwards. "Why's that?"

"Cos, mate," he said, stopping at the water's edge, "all the turds go out to sea there." He launched into the hissing waters and paddled off towards the horizon.

My admiration for the surfing fraternity was undying. Damn, they're cool!

•

Surfers have a definite credibility, an internationally acknowledged *corps savoir-faire*, saluted by both groupies and critics, by sport-fiends and cushion-jocks, even by the English, whose coastline is still the preserve of promenades and kiss-me-quick hats.

Other sportsmen have fleeting credibility. The racing driver, for instance. His cred is born of the short dramatic moment when he stretches his flame-proof gloves over his hands, looks fleetingly into the eyes of his admirers, then accepts the chilly invitation to waltz a few rounds with lady death. But then his vehicle steals the limelight – and when it reaches 250km/h, the driver's big red bonedome starts to vibrate ridiculously from side to side.

The surfer's credibility, however, is an enduring aura. It is struck from a potent combination of bad attitude and sublime athletic poise atop hundreds of tonnes of roaring water.

He doesn't give a stuff. He's out on the water, alone, as he likes it. Yeah, they call me a waxhead. So what? Audience? What audience? Hey, my chick is probably on the beach somewhere, but she knows the score. And . . . Jesus, look at the size of that wave . . .

Probably mistaken, I tried to purchase some credibility.

•

Beachfront surf shops are identical to each other, but, as mercantile genre, quite unique.

Inside, you're bewildered by racks of ivory projectiles splashed with racy, luminous logos. It's some kind of psychedelic elephants' graveyard – where the elephants no doubt died from having their eardrums haemorrhaged by heavy rock blaring from concealed speakers.

The manager is never in (he's out surfing), while the oversized, adolescent shop assistant has his acned face suckered up against the window-

AN ENGLISHMAN A-BOARD

pane, staring glumly at the breakers. The lobsters in the restaurant tanks along the beachfront are doing the same thing.

I executed 10 minutes of measured Ahem-ing in one such shop before the assistant unsuckered himself from his watery nirvana.

"I'd like a surfboard, please," I said to the assistant, who, though a teenager, was almost twice my height.

"What sord were y'arfter?"

I thought vagueness might hide the fact I was ignorant. "Well, I'd like a flat one . . ."

"Aww, roight, mate, and I suppose you want one that floats, too." That cool again! Even in one so young.

We started at one end of the rack, where a white razor-edged creature stood tall and elegant. Hemingway might have landed it.

"Howbout this one?"

The price-tag made me swallow like a frog. My eyes closed, pushing deep into my head. I moved down the line, stammering transparent excuses about unsuitability, until we reached the end.

"I'll take this one," I said, pointing to an enlarged floatie made of the stuff my budgie used to sharpen its beak on. It was the colour of lard, except where previous collisions had caused parts of it to assume the consistency of damaged peaches. The logo said "Albatross".

The youth's contempt had pretty much reached its limit, but then I leant forward and began to pick at a grubby coating of wax on the board. "It's a bit dirty. Do you think I could have a discount?"

I left the shop with an Albatross, a wetsuit and an entirely new vocabulary variously describing rectums and vaginas.

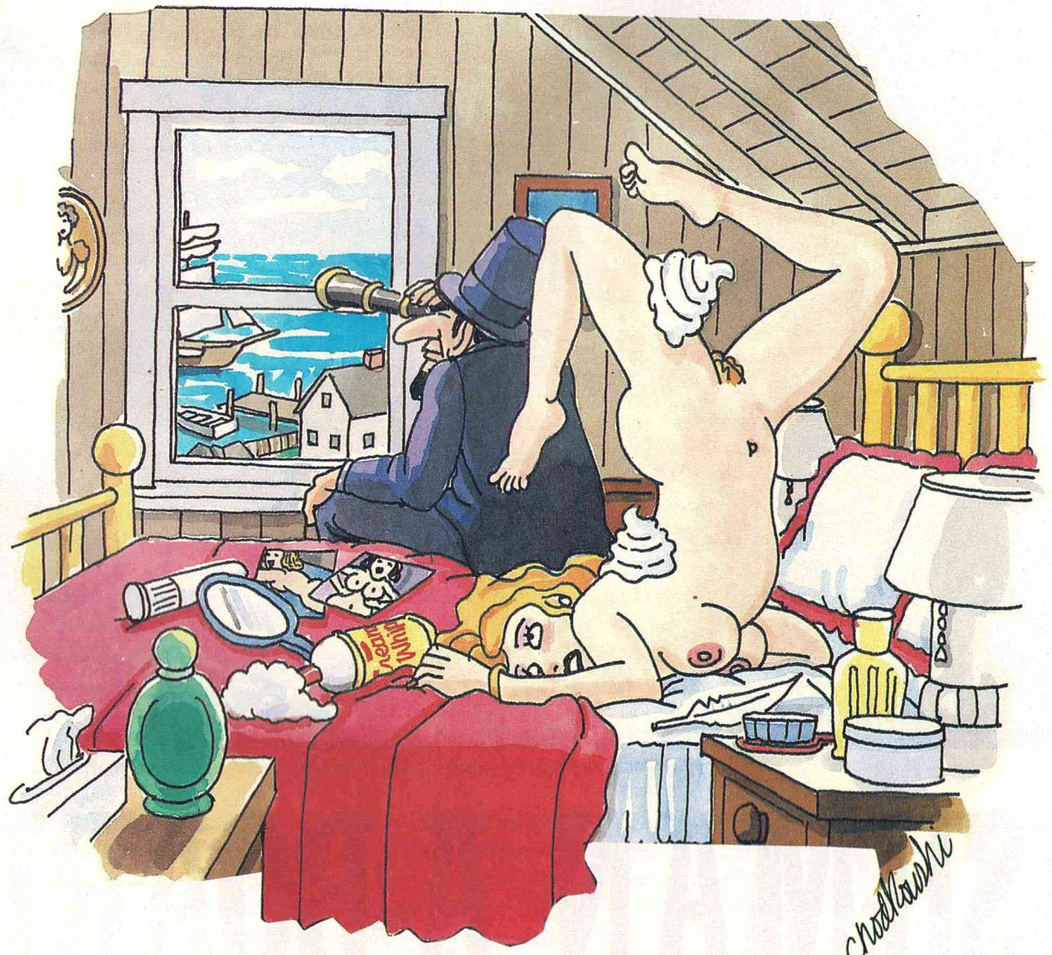
•

One does not get to look like a surfer overnight. That shank of tousled blond hair has been blown into style by years of sun and salted winds. And for some reason the UV looks favourably upon the board-riders – occasionally turning their bubble gum to a slippery paste, but never blowtorching their skin, never leaving anything but a tan the colour of treacle.

Faded brand-names speak of curious abstractions. Rip Curl to pull you free of the dole queues; Hot Buttered girlfriends, reflecting the sun off their flat, oiled stomachs; Mambo gone troppo, so stuff yer suit and tie; Town and Country is surfie-speak for ironic.

And the wetsuit, an imperious badge of identity cut off at strapping knee and elbow, has been wrung between rollers and panel-beaten by thundering barrels.

It was only when I got on the beach that I wished I hadn't bought an extremely tight, black, full-length wetsuit. If I'd worn a mask, I could have been mistaken for a maintenance driver on his way to fix a deep-sea platform in the Baltic Sea.



"What's wrong, Ahab, is there someone else?"

The logo read "Crouton" in bright yellow across my chest. When I walked, my rubber knees chafed together causing a piercing squeak. Worse, the tautness of the elastic caused my legs to snap out from under me. I looked like a wind-up toy as I eeek-eeek-eeeked my way down the beach.

A passing blonde girl wearing a G-string and Ray-Bans remarked that I looked like a black streak on the bottom of the dunny pan. The Black Streak, I told myself, was a celebrated Formula One racing car and The Dunny Pan a particularly treacherous piece of Adelaide racetrack.

•

Nobody told me where to fix the legrope. I simply did not know. I tried my wrist but it didn't feel right. I tore the velcro strap off, only to try it on my wrist again.

"It goes raaand yer neck, mate," advised a passing surfer.

He had his strapped around his ankle. That's where I strapped mine.

•

I suspect Australian men don't bond; like their British counterparts, they silently get on with the job of being male and regard that as reassurance enough of their masculinity. (And sitting naked in a damp Oregon forest talking about testosterone and Bowie knives sounds decidedly suss.)

How much more perfectly it was embodied, I thought, in the dedicated line of men waiting for the oceans to offer up a bucking wave for them to tame.

But how exactly to get out there and join them?

After manfully negotiating the appalling experience of chill seawater's hitting my balls, I steadied my floating board and flung myself onto what I thought would be a fairly stable surface.

If it's down to a question of balance, surfers can jog in a hammock. But only metres from the beach I found myself locked in a torrid spin with my board, a thrashing spectacle reminiscent of Johnny Weissmuller wrestling his mighty crocodiles of yesteryear.

And how the hell do they glide around on those things with nought but a gentle trawl with a cupped hand? I mastered a doggy paddle, even if the doggy in question was prone to fits of epilepsy, and wigwagged up to a wave.

Successfully ducking under the descending wall of water, I resurfaced behind it wearing a wide smile of satisfaction, only to have my teeth knocked out by a second, much bigger wave I had no way of anticipating.

The Crouton suddenly found himself being mashed to a soggy pulp by a boiling soup of Pacific Ocean.

I groped around for my board, but it was busy making a spectacle of itself, shooting high in the air like a hooked marlin, spinning and flashing its colours, advertising itself for all the world to see. "Ha-ha!" it screamed, "look at this arsehole!"

Bludgeoning board and impressionable rider were eventually reunited courtesy of the leg rope.

•

But I reached them. I got there. I took my place among the grim line of sentinels scanning the horizon for the perfect wave, and it was a rightful place, for we were brothers together. They sat silently astride their bobbing blades of resin, hands on hips, the swell gently breaking over their knees.

I too sat with hands on hips – although my board was so heavy with absorbed water that the swell was gently breaking over my shoulders.

"How's it goin'?" I asked a large surfer to my right, rakishly dropping a consonant from my verb.

The large surfer looked to his left.

"Down here," I said.

He stared down at me for some considerable time making out the word "Crouton" refracted in the water.

"Facknshid," he said, returning to his watch.

"Oh. Oh well. Perhaps it'll get better."

•

I never really knew if I learnt to surf, certainly nobody was going to tell me, but I reckon I came pretty close one day.

Alone on the water I watched a dark grey bump forming the horizon, travelling towards me at a steady pace. Then it gathered up its blacker skirts and began to run. As I turned to catch the thing, I was rather surprised to find myself suddenly surrounded by 30 other surfers all angling their boards for take-off.

I felt the urge as the wave picked up my board, and after securing a good squatting position began the descent down the face of the wave. The speed was a shock, and I windmilled my way into standing upright.

The exhilaration of skidding hydrogen and oxygen molecules was incredible – but why was I riding to the left and everyone else riding to the right?

I streaked across somebody's path, causing him to fall backwards into the maw of the wave. "You *can't*!" he screamed.

I can! I can! I thought and raced onwards, stock-still with my arms straight out at my sides. I was the Sugar Loaf surfer.

Another man went down, this time suggesting my family tree was somehow inextricably linked with livestock, while another dabbled with Oedipal imagery.

Whole lines of riders reined back to allow me through, a crazed posturing icon, flying over the water. All of them hailed me with colourful and emotive cries of support, I heard Tennyson, Kipling and Elgar, I heard Hamlet and Zadok the Priest, I heard the bells of Saint Paul's, the massed choirs of King's College . . .

The wave, spent of power, pushed me gently into the shallows, where I stood shaking and pumped full of adrenalin. I dragged my board dripping onto the sand and sat down quietly beside it.

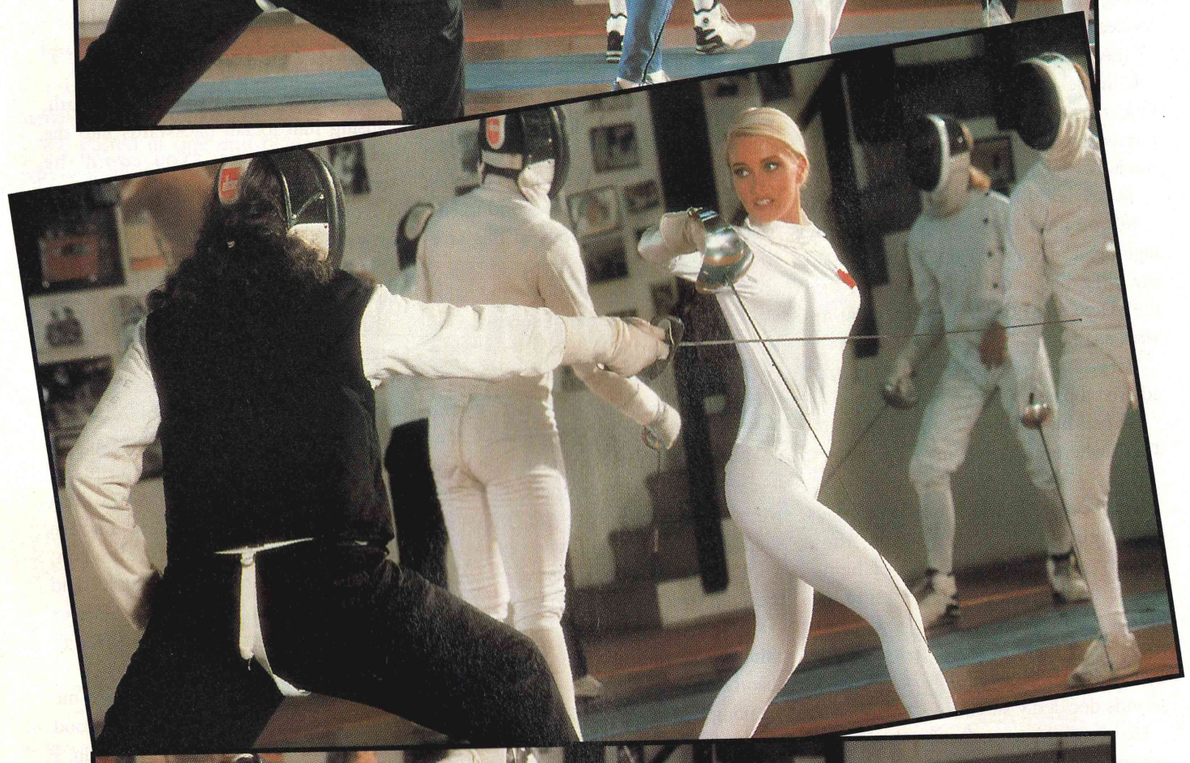
I saw three guys striding out of the water towards me. I supposed my leg rope strap would go round my neck after all. Perhaps while my ankle was still in it.

But I'd given it a go. And what's more without help. Who's heard of a surfer getting lessons? No, I'd earned my wings. Or my fins. I stood up to meet them head-on.

One held up a salutatory finger. "Nice ride," he said. And they walked on up the beach.

Hmm.

"Hey! Any of you guys play croquet?"



EN GARDE!

Miss August, Kimberly Donley, makes her point perfectly.

A beautiful woman is hard to resist. She will pitch your boat, make your compass needle go haywire, have you begging your friends to tie you to the mast. But a beautiful woman with a gift for laughter will put you on the rocks as sure as a

Kim takes a few pointers on thrust, parry and defence from an LA fencing master. “Some people have the notion that fencing is for sissies,” she says, “but it’s really very competitive – all balance and positioning.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

"One thing about me that almost bothers me is that I am so sensitive to people. Once I walk into a room, I can feel if people like me or not. What do you call that?" she asks. We call it somebody with a roomful of friends.

Londonderry fog. Here, then, is Kimberly Donley, faithfully demonstrating the fencer's classic stance, balancing her weight on the coil of her long legs. "I can do the moves, but I don't know their names yet. It's all in the wrist," she divulges with a whisper and a bounce, then cracks up completely. Her laughter is a joyous reflex, hinting at capitulation with the right joke. Prepare to abandon ship. "I laugh a lot," the cheery 27-year-old concedes. "Maybe I should take life more seriously." Certainly, adult life for Donley started out in a more sombre direction. After completing instruction in computer science, Kim sought high fame in the insurance industry. "Some time ago, I went to a product liability seminar, and that's when I said to myself, 'What am I doing? This is not me. I'm going to die of boredom in the insurance world.'"

Perhaps more stunning than her classic Gaelic features is the fact that until her foray with *Playboy*, Kim had no modelling or acting experience. "I don't see myself as the voluptuous Playmate type," says our duellist with a modest shrug. "And I'm probably too short to be a model. I think I have a lot of beauty within me. I did go to charm school – learned how to eat, how to sit, how to answer the phone. All of it has really paid off, can't you tell?" And there's that surrender-your-vessel laugh again. But let's not dismiss this woman's charm. After all, her ex-boyfriend remains devoted enough to feed her cats when she's away from home. Just another willing victim of Kim Donley's siren call – her infectious laughter. Hear it once and you're stuck for life.

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kimberly Donley

NAME
Kimberly Donley

BUST
86cm (34"C)

WAIST
61cm (24")

HIPS
86cm (34")

HEIGHT
173cm (5'8")

WEIGHT
52kg

DATE OF BIRTH
15/12/65

STAR SIGN
Sagittarius

TURN-OFFS
Dirty fingernails, chewing gum, men who act tall, people who exercise too much, racism.

TURN-ONS
Having my back tickled, a pastrami sandwich, cyclists!

I'M JUST WILD ABOUT
Wishes being granted, dreams coming true, fantasies becoming realities!

IF I HAD MORE TIME
I would sleep late, travel the world by sea, air and land, and start a quest for the perfect man!

MY PERFECT DAY
Read the newspaper, work, watch old Jimmy Stewart movies, and spend time with my cats.

FENCING IS
An art in itself: romantic, dangerous and penetrating!

AMBITIONS
Continuing my education, working with children and animals, acting in a thriller movie.

PARTY JOKES

Say, Jack, I hear you got hitched last week," one tough cowboy said to another as they met in the local saloon. "How did the honeymoon go?"

"Pretty good," Jack replied. "The first night, I undressed myself real slow in front of her so she wouldn't think I was a coward. Then I gave her a good talking to so she wouldn't think I was afraid of her. And at the end," he continued, "I satisfied myself so she wouldn't think I needed her."

Why is a laundromat a bad place to pick up women? Because a woman who can't even afford a washing machine will never be able to support you.

A homeless man spotted an elegantly dressed, kind-looking woman walking toward him on the street. Though begging had been anathema to him, his circumstances were desperate enough for him to reconsider.

"Excuse me, Madam," he said as she drew close. "I haven't eaten a thing in six days."

"My God," she said as she swished through a boutique's front door, "I wish I had your willpower."

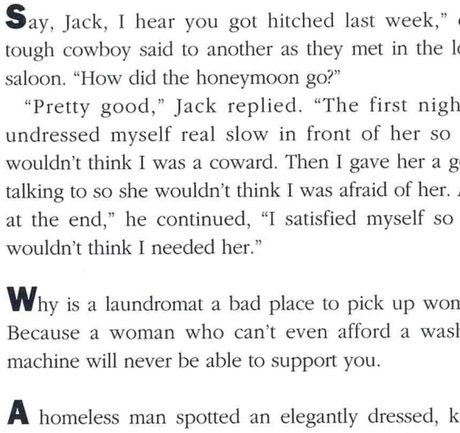
While driving in the country, a man swerved to avoid striking a chicken that had suddenly darted out into the road. The bird not only avoided being struck but began to run ahead of the car, keeping pace even after the driver accelerated to 100 kilometres per hour. Fascinated, the man followed the chicken after it turned down a lane leading to a farm. It was then that he noticed that the chicken had three legs – in fact, the farmyard was full of three-legged chickens. As the driver stopped his car, the farmer approached him.

"I was just admiring your chickens," the man said. "I've never seen the three-legged variety before."

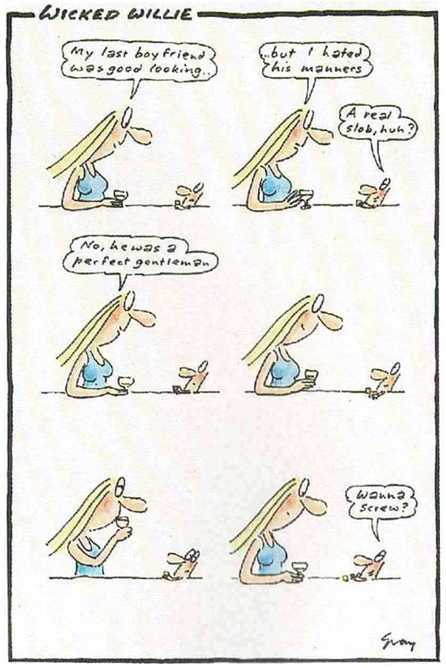
"Well, we developed this special hybrid so that for every two chickens we raised, we would have an extra pair of legs to sell," the farmer explained.

"How's the taste?"

"Don't rightly know," the farmer said with a shrug. "Never been able to catch one."



"I'd be on acoustic and electric guitar, Homer on percussion, Dutch on amplified accordion, Bo on congas, you and Lonnie would sing. We'd take six cows with us - wear ripped black overalls and tour both coasts and Japan."



Conversation at the bar came to an abrupt halt when a horse slowly clip-clopped into the place. One patron, more than a little in his cups, turned to the new arrival and solemnly asked, "G'day, mate, why the long face?"

Tammy frowned at the man who was proposing to her. "I'm sorry, Jack," she said. "I just can't marry you."

"Why not?" he asked. "Is there someone else?"

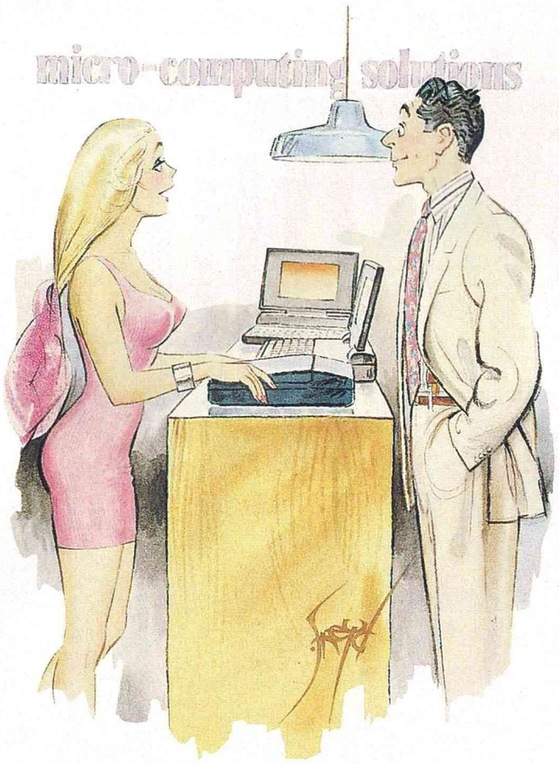
The frown deepened. "Oh, Jack . . . there just must be."

What do Banquo, Topper and Michael Jackson have in common? They're all ghosts of their former selves.

A lawyer newly hired by the Vatican was asked to join the Pope on a fishing trip. As they drifted on the still lake, the lawyer dropped an oar into the water. The pontiff stepped out of the boat, walked across the water to the floating oar, retrieved it and walked back to the boat. The next day at the office, a colleague asked the attorney if he'd enjoyed fishing with the Pope.

"It was okay," he replied. "But would you believe he can't even swim?"

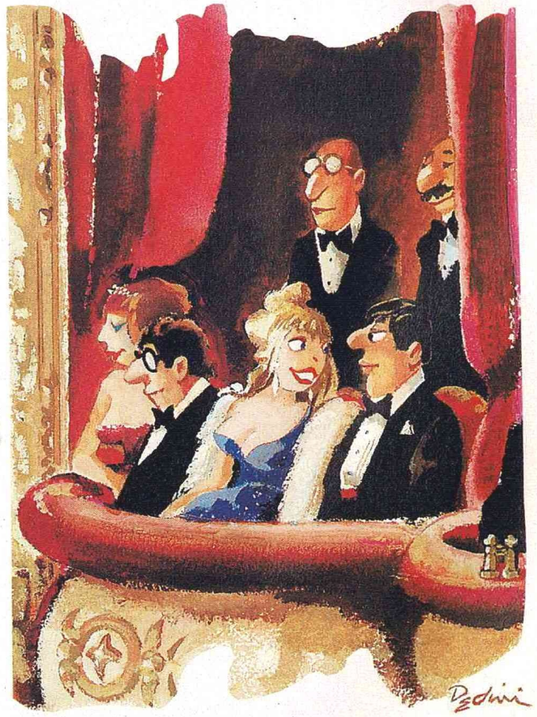
Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



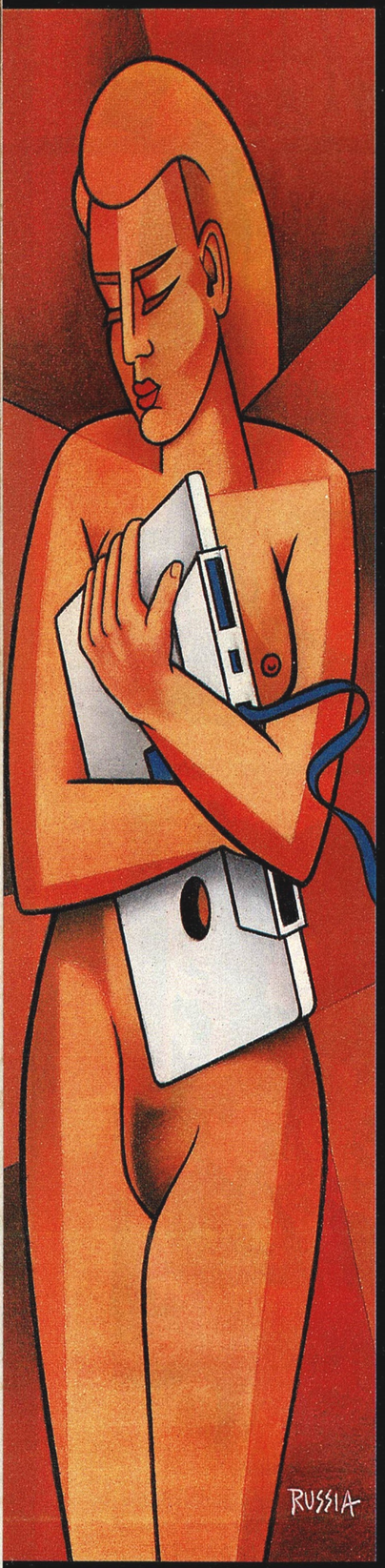
"This laptop computer you sold me keeps overheating."

"Let me guess. You're a dermatologist, right?"

"By gosh, Edna, I wonder sometimes how you manage to make a go of it with the way the tourist trade has fallen off."



"This libretto tells of a young, restless nympho holed up in the Trianon, worried silly that the three tons of marijuana seized the day before can be traced to . . ."



THE PLAYBOY SEX TAPES

The first in a series of intimate, all-girl conversations on a variety of no-holds-barred sexual topics, captured on tape by *Australian Playboy*

Ever wondered what the girls were chatting about so animatedly at social gatherings while the blokes swapped dirty stories and bragged, tinnies in hand, about their sexual prowess? More particularly, have you ever wondered what the conversation was about at hens' parties? Psychologists are ever more convinced that it is the female of the species who is more apt to discuss the intimate details of her sex life with her friends, while men tend to be much more superficially matey, more concerned about protecting their fragile egos than truly confiding in each other.

Friends of ours of the female persuasion have confirmed that as far as they are concerned this is perfectly true, and one of them, a long-time female staff member, volunteered (with a gun at her head) to invite a representative group of her friends round for a few drinks – to let their hair down on a variety of uninhibited sexual subjects, while she turned on the tape recorder.

The results were, quite frankly, rather shocking for mere males, but very exciting (in more ways than one), so much so that the project has grown into a series covering the gamut of sensual experience, labelled, aptly, the Sex Tapes. They confirm everything we hoped, fulfilling our wildest expectations, and will be presented over the next several months for the edification of our readers.

SESSION 1: BLOW JOBS

The women at the first session, whose names have been changed for obvious reasons but who come from various ethnic backgrounds, consisted of the following:
Rachael, 24-year-old student
Pamela, 32 -year-old teacher of English
Claire, 29-year-old public relations officer
Angela, 25-year-old artist
Jenny, 29-year-old barmaid

ANGELA: Okay, let's get down to business: do we like blow jobs?

JENNY: Yeah, I do because I know that a lot of guys like it and a lot of girls really have trouble expressing themselves in that way. If a girl just does it naturally, it blows a guy out, quite literally. So it's something you can do for a guy that he really appreciates and that you have full control of.

RACHAEL: Yeah, I think that's important. It's a real control thing: if you give them a blow job they're at your mercy. Especially if they are begging for it. I mean guys really enjoy having a girl between their legs.

ANGELA: Do you think a lot of girls won't do it?

PAM: I don't mind doing it. I actually enjoy it, too. I think I get pleasure out of pleasing them.

ANGELA: What do you think is a good blow job?

JENNY: A good blow job usually lasts for quite some time because you really don't let them come, and they just want it more and more and more . . . You usually fuck them first – then they get a severe horniness. Also, it's a good way to choose if you want to fuck the guy, because you can get a good look at his dick and see if it's big enough and if you actually do want to do the deed. You know, sometimes the shape's vile and you just don't want to do it.

ANGELA: But what about putting it in your mouth?

JENNY: That's all right, you can get away with that. It's only personal. I put fuckin' cans of beer in my mouth and God knows where they've been, but you can just sort of like pretend.

PAM: I don't think I can do that, decide whether I want to fuck the guy.

JENNY: You can.

PAM: I don't agree with you there 'cause I think once you've got to that stage you've gone so far, you'd want to do it because you're feeling hot.

JENNY: But if you see a vile penis, it can turn you off in a second.

PAM: Well, if that's the case, you can give them a quick blow job and you're out of there. But usually if you're down there for quite a while giving head, you'll be enjoying it, enjoying him enjoying it.

JENNY: Yeah, but that's if you decide you want to do it. This guy I went out with not so long ago, I couldn't decide whether or not I wanted to do the deed, so I made him get his pants off and I went down on him and I looked at him and thought, Oh my God, how do I get out of this one. So, I went down on him for about two seconds and it was as hard as a rock. Then I said to him, "I think we should fuck now," and he said, "Have you got any condoms?" and I said, "No, I won't fuck you if you want to use a condom," and he goes: "What?" And I said I'm sorry and I got out of it like that. But if he'd turned around and said to me, "Let's fuck without a condom," I would have said "What kind of a girl do you think I am?" See? You can get out of it quite well, and because they think there's going to be no chance, they kind of just drift off.

PAM: I wouldn't go as far as giving them a blow job, I'd give them a hand job. The first thing I'd do if I was thinking of having sex with a guy, I'd put my hands down his pants and see how big he is.

JENNY: Yeah, but that's not always a good indication.

RACHAEL: Then a guy expects it. If you do that you're just leading him on. You've got to go all the way.

PAM: That's like saying if you give him a blow job you're also leading him on, and he can expect you to fuck him.

JENNY: Yeah, but I would. I wouldn't give him a blow job if I wasn't going to fuck him. I couldn't go down on a guy that I didn't find sexually attractive, or there was no chemistry. I couldn't do it. I did find this guy sexually attractive until I saw his dick, I just thought I couldn't do it with that, it was weird. It was like a sugar banana. There was nothing redeeming about it. I just got totally turned off and I thought, well this guy's hot, how am I going to get out of this, so that's what I did.

CLAIRE: But other than that you really like it?

JENNY: Oh, I fucking love it. It's my passion.

ANGELA: What do you think makes a good blow job?

JENNY: The rhythm – and it's hitting the right spots. It's all about feeling.

ANGELA: How do you find the right spots?

JENNY: Well, you just do, you can feel the pleasure if you're doing it right. You can feel it happening with the penis. You just can.

PAM: And usually you get a few ooohs and ahhhs.

JENNY: Yeah, but I oooh and ahhh sometimes when it's not doing anything for me.

PAM: But we are women and we are going to oooh and ahhh anyway.

JENNY: But that's not a sure-fire sign. If you do it right, you can feel what's going on.

RACHAEL: And you also learn from experience and practice; you've got to give a lot of blow jobs to do them well.

PAM: You've got to learn how to use your mouth, your tongue, your teeth.

ANGELA: How do you use your tongue?

PAM: Well, it depends whether he has a foreskin or not.

RACHAEL: Well, it doesn't matter 'cause it's out there, isn't it?

PAM: If you're going down on a guy and he has a foreskin, you can play with the foreskin quite a bit while you're using your mouth.

JENNY: No, I never do that. I just peel it right back and just do it.

CLAIRE: Guys with foreskins are really sensitive and they just want to get it like ready themselves, because if the foreskin's over it's too sensitive.

PAM: I think what guys like – and I've gone out with a lot of guys with foreskins – is for you to pull it up, pull it down a little bit, but at the same time you are using that particular rhythm, to suck, to kiss, bite, nibble or whatever it is, and you just keep pulling it up.

JENNY: But you can't be too rough. Some chicks think they've got to be rough.

PAM: No, they don't want you rough at all.

JENNY: Not down there, baby.

RACHAEL: If you imagine what it would be like if you were the guy, you'd know what it's like when someone goes down on you. So you imagine what they're feeling at the time and you respond to what's happening.

PAM: I think it's more personal than a fuck sometimes.

RACHAEL: Oh yeah. If you're really getting into it, you can feel the rhythm and

you can feel what's going on in their head. If you find it an art form then you will . . . I find it an art form.

PAM: Do you like taking it all in your mouth?

JENNY: No, sometimes you can't. If you're lucky and you get a big one, then it's hard to take it all in your mouth.

ANGELA: Do you choke on it or something?

JENNY: No, there is a certain way you can do it. You've got to put your neck in a certain position, and open up and breathe properly – you can't gag – and to allow him to thrust or whatever he wants to do.

But you should never like let him throw your head down there; then you'll gag and you're not in control. The whole thing is about being in control. But also I think it helps if you've had a steady boyfriend because you open up to them and they to you and they'll tell you what's good and what's bad. The practice gets sort of cut down by a few years.

ANGELA: Would you go down on a guy on the first date?

JENNY: Fucking oath! It's my prelude to sex. I've got a girlfriend and she reckons she won't sleep with a guy until he goes down on her first, 'cause then she reckons he's into women. But I don't like having a guy going down on me as much as I want to go down on him.

ANGELA: Is that on the first date, or in general?

JENNY: Ever. I'm more into giving pleasure than receiving it. I much prefer me to be doing it. When he's doing it I suppose I feel I'm out of control, right out of control – he's in control then. I like to be in control in that kind of situation.

PAM: A lot of women think that they're in control and they have the power when they're going down on a guy. But a lot of men think it's the opposite: if they've got a girl down there they're the one who controls the situation. I've always felt that I'm in control when I'm down there.

It becomes an exchange of pleasure. Because when you're in the first stages of a relationship, it's like you're really deciding the power plays, even if it's a relationship that lasts for just three hours.

JENNY: It's all about, "I can do this for you, I can do this better, wow I've just blown you away, you'd better perform as well." That's another thing, if you give a guy a blow job, they freak out, man. You're either a slut from hell or you're some wanton wench that does this every minute of the day.

RACHAEL: I also think there's a big power trip with blow jobs just because you are in control. If you give a good blow job, it's something that so many guys want to get into. But it's also easy If you don't really want to sleep with someone it's really easy to give them a blow job and get it over and done with.

ANGELA: But if you are going to give someone a blow job, why don't you just sleep with them if giving a blow job is more personal?

JENNY: Because it's not more personal to them, you haven't been penetrated.

I was right down on him and he came . . . I just chucked up, I choked on it and I just spat it right back out on him. I said, "You cunt."

RACHAEL: But if you don't want to sleep with someone you don't have to fuck them.

JENNY: They can get a guy to give them a head job if they don't give a shit. A lot of guys I know don't give a shit as long as they're getting their cock sucked. They don't give a shit but basically it's better if it's a chick and all that, but they can't tell the difference. Whereas if they're fucking someone there is a bit of a difference.

PAM: It's like virgins. If you want to get down to the nitty-gritty, virgins will do everything but sleep with a guy.

JENNY: Which is really stupid because they get more of a reputation for giving head jobs than for fucking someone.

ANGELA: Why do you think that is?

JENNY: Probably because it's been taboo and lots of guys have had to pay for prostitutes to do the same. They don't realise how pleasurable it is to us babes. They think they're getting us to do something that's out of the ordinary.

RACHAEL: I think the whole thing with blow jobs comes from teen sex. When everyone starts having sex and messing around, no one really knows what they're doing. There's that hot myth about the blow job. I know a lot of guys from when we were teenagers who would think anyone giving them a blow job was better than sex.

CLAIRE: I don't know about you, but the first thing I learnt to do after heavy petting was give a blow job.

RACHAEL: Yeah, I learnt about blow jobs before I knew about sex.

CLAIRE: I didn't really have intercourse for about five years after I started having oral sex. I think I perfected my style first.

ANGELA: Do you think guys enjoy it because the dirty element associated with it makes it seem more erotic?

RACHAEL: I think that's the image a lot of guys grew up with. That's why a lot of them grow up thinking that someone giving a blow job is really wild, whereas they don't think about a girl having sex with them.

PAM: It's a fantasy for them.

CLAIRE: It's something we can do for them while they just lie there and take it. We enjoy it but they enjoy it so much without having to actually perform. They feel hung up about having to perform all the time. They can actually take a break.

RACHAEL: It's nice for everyone to just lie back and take pleasure.

CLAIRE: I'm sure some people can't because they aren't that relaxed.

ANGELA: Have guys ever told you what they prefer?

CLAIRE: Yeah. "Oh do it faster, use your hand, put your hand there, don't put it there, don't pull it that way, touch my balls, squeeze it." That's what's good about it. If a guy feels comfortable he'll tell you exactly what he wants. It's all a matter of guiding and telling each other what you want, and then it works well.

PAM: You said they've never asked you to do anything specific?

JENNY: No, I've never been asked to, they just sort of come out of it going, "Oh, hell, man!" I don't mean that in an egotistical way, it's just that it's a passion of mine. I've decided to perfect what I

"You take this one, Bernice. I was never mechanically inclined."

can do with it.

CLAIRE: This might sound really corny, but I've always thought you can really smell the scent of a man once you're down between his balls.

JENNY: Yeah, I do. I've read that.

RACHAEL: It's much more than his after-shave. Put it this way, you could always smell another woman. That's for damn sure.

JENNY: When mine used to come over I'd go down on him in five seconds flat to see what he'd been doing. Certain things they can lie about but others they can't. That's for damn sure. They can't lie with their dick, that's another thing. A guy cannot lie with his dick. A chick can, guys can't.

ANGELA: What's the longest blow job you've ever given?

JENNY: Let's see: two hours once.

RACHAEL: I don't know. I can go for a really long time but I get bored if it goes on too long.

JENNY: Yeah, you start worrying about what you're going to wear tomorrow.

ANGELA: So, when you get bored, what do you do? Do you say, "Right, now go down on me" or "Let's change positions"?

RACHAEL: "Let's fuck" – and make them come.

ANGELA: Okay, so how do you make them come?

JENNY: Basically do what you're doing, only don't pull back.

PAM: If you get sick of being down there, you'd start using your hands really fast. At that stage you've probably worked them hard enough to make them want to come that way. Which leads us to the big question: Do you like them to come in your mouth?

JENNY: No fuckin' way.

CLAIRE: Yeah, I do.

ANGELA: Do you like it on your breasts or on your stomach? Where do you prefer him to come?

RACHAEL: Anywhere but in my fucking mouth, man! I had a really bad experience when I was younger. This guy kept saying, "I won't come in your mouth, I won't come in your mouth." I was right down on him and he came . . . I just chucked up, I choked on it and I just spat it right back out on him. I said, "You cunt." I mean, this is a guy I'd been living with for ages, so he walked off and I refused to do the deed on him for about 12 hours. That's all I could do.

ANGELA: Do they ask you if they can come?

JENNY: I always get to a point where you can feel when they're going to come, so in that case you either pull back or you say let's fuck or some other bit.

PAM: Yeah, you get that little vibration down the bottom of the dick which says, "Look out, look out!"

JENNY: Plus you can tell in their movements and everything when it gets too much.

RACHAEL: I don't mind licking it off afterwards, but it's just that thing where I choked that time and had a bad experience. But I won't let them come on me.

ANGELA: What, you don't like it anywhere on you?

RACHAEL: Not if I'm giving a blow job.

I like it to be dirty. I like to have the smell on me. I want to have it. I want to rub it all over me and walk out smelling of sex.

Apparently it's good if you swallow it.

ANGELA: It's great. It's got protein.

RACHAEL: That's right, but I'd rather them clean up the mess than me.

ANGELA: You don't like to have it on you and rub it on you and get the smell of it? Because I love the smell, I really do.

PAM: I think if you've been having sex, it's different. You're all sweaty and hot and want it all over you.

ANGELA: I like it to be dirty. I like to have the smell on me. I want to have it. I want to rub it all over me and walk out smelling of sex.

JENNY: Going out to a nightclub. [*Laughs*]

RACHAEL: It'd be different if I'd been on top of him and we'd been having sex. It's different if he comes all over you. Then it's nice to rub it. I'm just saying that when it's actually a blow job, I think I'd just rather them clean up the mess.

PAM: Look, I really like guys' coming in my mouth, but if they don't . . . no, I really like guys' coming in my mouth.

ANGELA: Yeah, I really like it, holding it.

RACHAEL: They really get off on it. A lot of guys don't really like to come in your mouth. They like that whole feeling of coming on you. It's a power feeling, they like seeing it, seeing what they've produced.

JENNY: Then they like hugging you so it goes on them.

PAM: They seem to like it all over you, but once this guy came and he came all over me, and I just wiped it off and stuck it all over his face and he just freaked. He said . . . what'd he call it? . . . he was an English guy . . . "Is that my spoof all over my face?" I said, "Well, it came from you, what are you complaining about?"

JENNY: I'm worried about those English boys.

PAM: But that was a bad experience, we won't go into that.

RACHAEL: It's not the semen I'm worried about. It's just I have this phobia that I'm going to choke again.

PAM: I know how you feel 'cause I've choked on it too, when I haven't expected it.

JENNY: It's terrible – you just gag, you can't breathe.

PAM: You look so sexy and hot and doing all the right things and then you throw up all over him. No problem!

RACHAEL: Boys always surrender to blow jobs, they lie back.

JENNY: I lose myself in it. I think about the rhythm and the whole thing. I can feel their pleasure pulsating in their temples. It's not like I think of anything, unless it's going on to that stage where I think, "Okay, what's next . . . what am I wearing tomorrow . . . oh, I haven't phoned so and so . . ." You know, when it starts going on to that sort of thing. I don't know what they think about.

ANGELA: So you actually think of other things while you're actually down there?

JENNY: No, not normally, just if it gets a bit, you know, if we are doing it out of mechanics.

RACHAEL: But I like it when a lot of guys lose it when they're getting a blow job, and they'll like fucking do anything for you.

PAM: They make all these promises they never keep the next time you see them.

JENNY: That's for damn sure.

PAM: One thing I would never do – and it doesn't matter how much they preach to me about it – is give a guy a head job with a condom on. No way.

RACHAEL: It tastes foul.

PAM: You wouldn't taste anything except rubber or latex or whatever it is anyway. And on top of that, you'd probably get really tired because it takes a lot longer to come than without a condom.

ANGELA: How do you like doing it? Can you describe it? Even positions or something you do with your mouth or your tongue or your hands?

RACHAEL: I don't know, I use my hands a lot.

JENNY: You can suck a bit as well, use your tongue, never use your teeth. Sometimes you can, but it's not when you're really going down on a guy. It depends how out of it you are.

PAM: You've always got to make sure that your lips are covering your mouth and your teeth.

RACHAEL: Absolutely.

ANGELA: What about if the guy is really big?

PAM: Then you've got a bit of a problem.

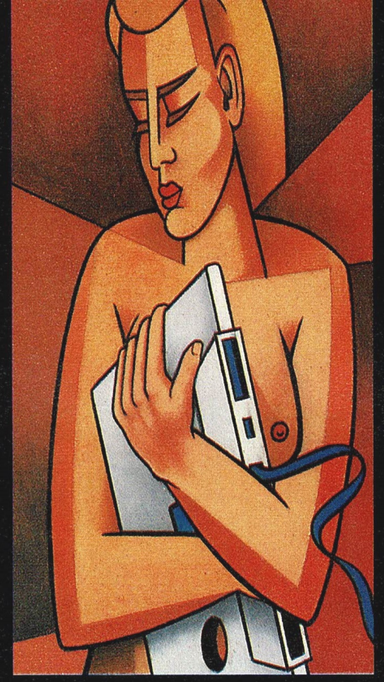
RACHAEL: Sometimes you can use your hands a bit more, you can actually fake it that you're going so far by using your hands. I mean it's cheating, but fuck, who cares?

ANGELA: So basically you're saying you put less in your mouth and use your hands to do the rest.

PAM: Well, in a sense. I find a big dick a real challenge, though, when you're giving them a blow job. I want to actually see how low I can go.

JENNY: A lot of girls won't go down on guys with big dicks, because when you're going down on them they get too excited and start pushing your head down and stuff and it's like too much. You've just gotta like pull back and whatever and say, "Listen, who's doing this, you or me?"

RACHAEL: I don't know. It's hard to talk about what you do because it's different with each guy. If you did it the same with each guy it'd be a bit of a worry.



ANGELA: How does it differ with every guy then?

RACHAEL: Every guy has got a different dick. You're always in a different position, he might be this turned on or that turned on, you know it's always different, even if it's the same guy that you've been with for ages.

ANGELA: What is your favourite position when giving a blow job?

JENNY: Him lying down and then I can position myself where I want to be.

PAM: Or even half-sitting, I think it's a lot easier. Well, just sort of lying back, but sort of half-sitting up where they can actually be looking at you rather than being flat.

ANGELA: Do you like them standing up at all with you on your knees?

RACHAEL: It's not that they become unbalanced but their movement becomes different.

JENNY: When they lie down, if they start thrusting at you, you're the one in command, whereas if they're standing up and you're kneeling down, if they start thrusting and there's too much in your mouth, you've got to think before you do it, whereas the other way I don't think it's a control thing. It's just a comfort thing, you know, the horizontal. It's probably when you think back to when your last good one was.

PAM: It's funny, 'cause I don't know anyone who's been surprised getting a blow job in recent years. I mean, when was the last time you were surprised by someone going down on you? I would never be surprised or I'd never think that was dirty.

RACHAEL: No, not at all.

PAM: I also think men kind of judge you how good you're going to be once you've given them a blow job. You can surprise them and give them a good blow job. I've had it happen where I went out with this guy not long ago and he expected me to be the real nice girl and get into bed with him and have a nice missionary type of fuck and then it would be all over, but what I did was spend two hours going down on him, and he was just freaking out. Then I didn't fuck him anyway! I walked out, but he couldn't wait for the next step. It's funny 'cause I've always had that. I feel I'm always being judged on how good I am in bed once I've given a blow job.

PAM: A lot of guys get turned on if a girl gives a good blow job. Then they think, this girl's really been around. A lot of guys really get turned on by girls that have slept with a lot of guys.

RACHAEL: Even though they won't admit to it.

PAM: Oh no, a lot of them will.

JENNY: Depends if they've matured sexually.

PAM: Well, maybe it's the guys I've been with.

JENNY: But you've been with lots of younger guys, yeah?

PAM: Yeahhh! But we're not talking about that right now.

JENNY: But what I'm talking about is that sort of element. There's this guy I've been seeing. He comes over and we're sitting there, then he starts kissing me. I just thought, Oh well, fuck, you know, so I gave him a head job – he nearly died. Anyway, so then we go into the bedroom and we fuck our brains out – I have to take the next day off work! Anyway, the next time he comes around we're sitting there kissing for a little while and then he just dives for me. I'm like, "Fucking hang on!" Mind you, I'm stuck under the table. He says, "I think we've gone past that preliminary stage of whether or not we are going to fuck." I thought, fuck you, *I* can still decide. Not that that's got anything to do with blow jobs . . . but anyway!

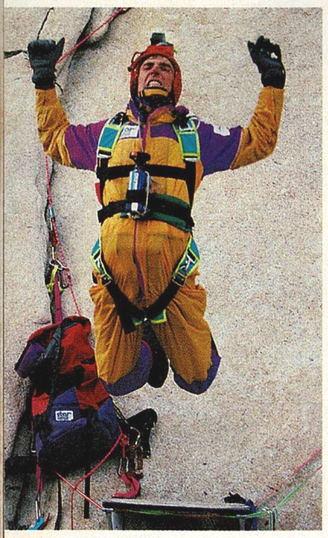
like lemmings to the SLAUGHTER

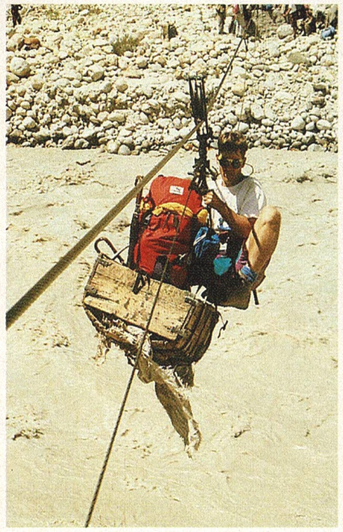
Glen Singleman chronicles a wild and crazy quest to become basejumping pioneers – off the highest cliff in the world.

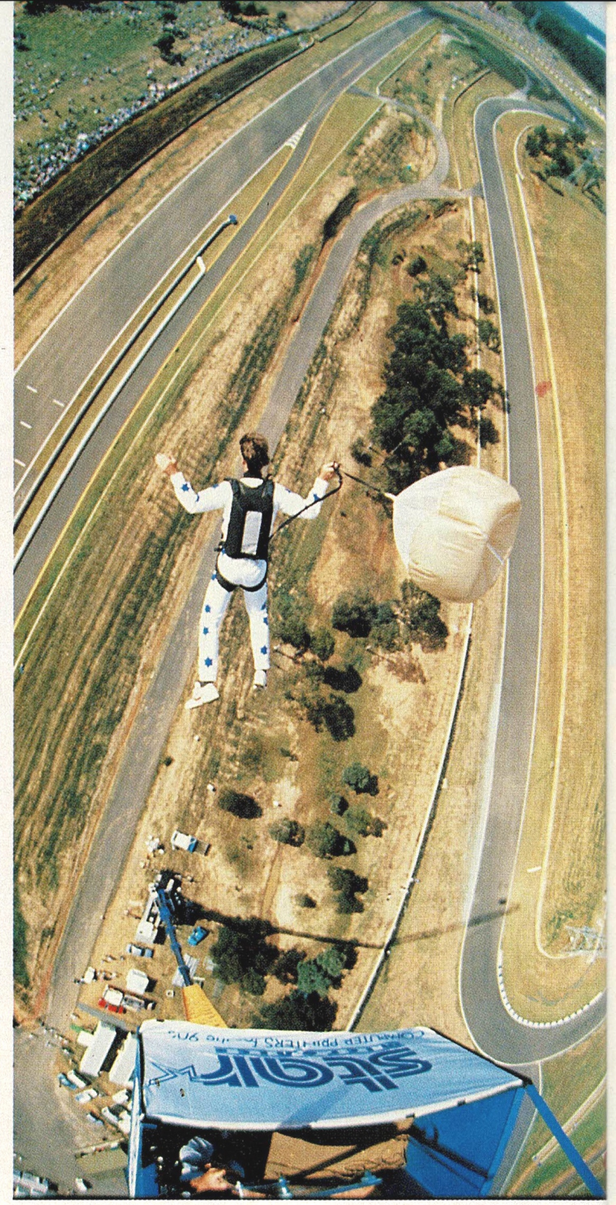
We unclipped from the rope and turned around. The ledge we stood on was about 40 centimetres wide. Beneath my toes the wall fell away vertically for nearly 700 metres, then the gully snaked its way to the Dunge glacier a further 1200 metres down. I put my arms above my head and looked over to Nic. "Okay?" I asked hesitantly. "Okay!" he shouted back to me with a positive nod of his head.

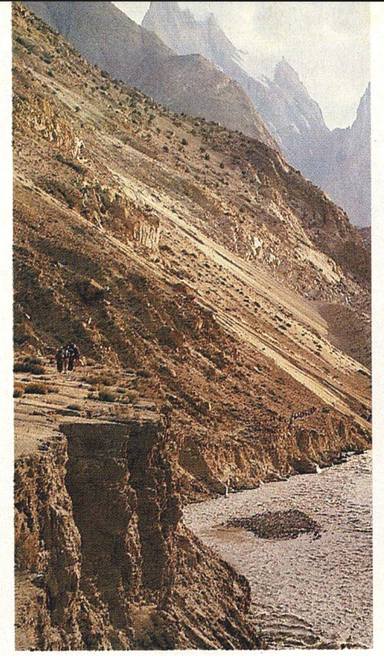
We faced the void. In unison we chanted, "Ready, three, two, one." On "two", the cameras started whirring. On "one", our knees flexed and snapped straight. We were airborne.

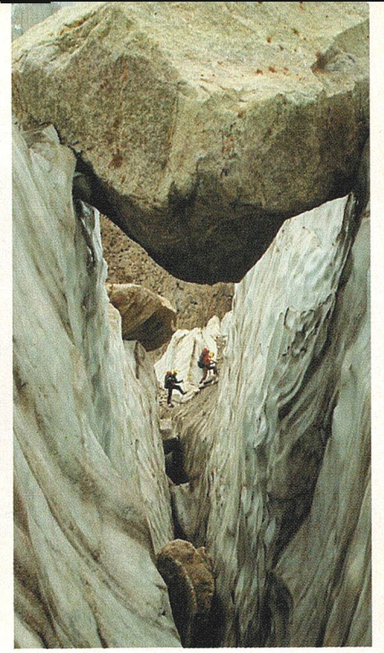
I was shouting "one thousand, two thousand" as timing for our free fall, but at three thousand I stopped counting. I could see the wall flicking by only a few feet away. I was upside down, somersaulting through space, out of control. I had never experienced this on a basejump before.

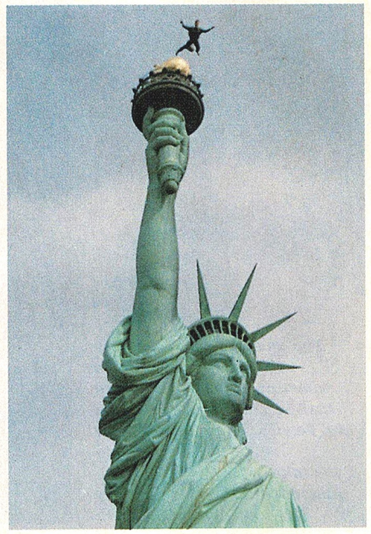












Preparation for the jump was extensive. Glen had to get used to basejumping (left), while Nic had to get his climbing skills up to scratch (top right), as his basejumping ability was unquestioned (below)! The rest of the time involved sorting out filming and trekking into the mountains.

like lemmings to the **SLAUGHTER**

Out of sheer panic I squirmed, but this only made the tumbling worse. I had eight seconds left to sort it out or my body would hit the gully floor at 200 kilometres per hour and dig a crater about two metres round.

•

This was my 11th basejump. We were attempting to set a world record by base-jumping off the highest big-wall cliff in the world. "Base" is an acronym for the four categories of object that a person can jump off with a parachute: buildings, antennas, spans (bridges) and earth (cliffs). My training started about a year ago when I met Nic Feteris.

Nic was a pioneer in the early years of the sport and has jumped off so many tall objects that he has lost count. His more high-profile basejumps include the Statue of Liberty and the second highest building in the world – the World Trade Centre in New York. Says Nic: "The thrill of basejumping off a building comes from watching the bizarre visual of windows flicking by like the rungs of a ladder. When the parachute opens my fear and adrenalin turns to elation."

Nic is still alive after 15 years of taking the plunge, a statistic that pays tribute to his professionalism.

I have a different understanding of heights. I am a mountaineer. I'm used to holding on until the last gasp. In 1988, near the summit of Mount Minto in Antarctica, my footing gave way on a brittle wind slab and I began falling down the 2000 metre ice wall on the side of the mountain. I dived onto my ice-axe and its sharp point dug into the ice stopping me from disappearing into the white oblivion. Little did I realise that five years later I would have to over-power my training to jump off the tallest cliff in the world.

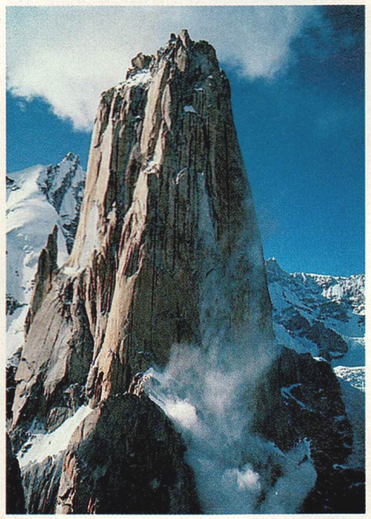
I first met Nic in a hot air balloon at 36,600 feet (11,000m). We were both involved in the Australian trials of Star Flyer 1, the balloon piloted over Mount Everest by Australian Chris Dewhirst in 1991. Nic acted as human ballast in trials of lift rate. He was thrown out at 36,600 feet. I was cameraman for the event, but since there was no space for me in the basket, I hung in a mountaineering harness on a rope tied to the top of the balloon. I dangled in midair about 10 metres away from the basket. I had a parachute in case anything went wrong.

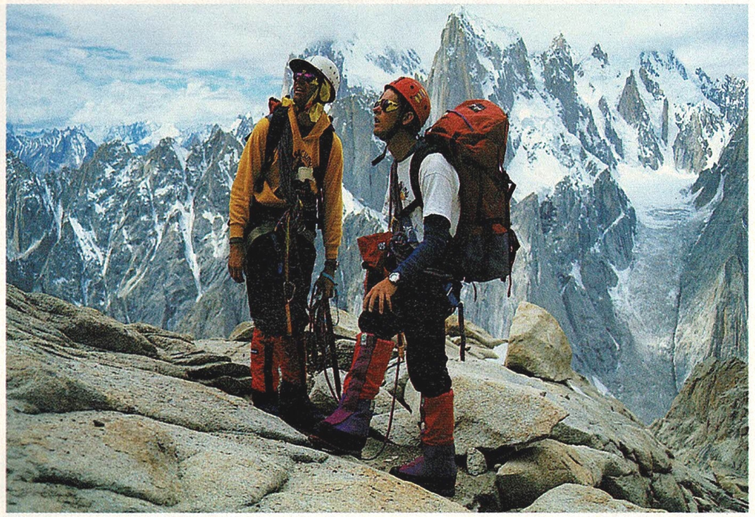
Nic and I worked together on the design of the oxygen delivery system. Even though I had never parachuted and Nic had never climbed we quickly established rapport. We wanted to work together on another project so we made a deal: I would teach Nic to climb and he would teach me to basejump, and together we would climb and jump off the highest cliff in the world.

Three months of research pointed us to the Great Trango Tower in Pakistan. It is an awe-inspiring granite monolith towering over the Baltoro Glacier in the Karakorum chain of the Himalayas. It has the appearance of a castle with near-vertical walls on three sides rising about 2000 metres from the valley floor. The summit, at 6258 metres, is not high in purist Himalayan climbing terms, but it's no piece of cake either. There is less than half the oxygen present at sea level. I felt confident that I could get Nic up it and he felt confident he could get me off it. As he says, "Gravity works every time."

Modern basejumping equipment must work correctly the first time. In general there is no time for a reserve parachute to open. Nic instructed me on what could go wrong at every phase of the jump. "The launch is the most critical part of a basejump. Your body must be straight and level at the point of opening so the parachute comes out cleanly and facing away from the object," said Nic. He gave me an action plan for every possibility.

My first basejump was from a 100 metre high crane parked in the middle of the 1992 Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix. A person falling from this height would hit the deck in four and a half seconds, travelling close to 160km/h. My trust in Nic and the thoroughness of his ▸





The awesome beauty of the Karakorum region is something to behold, but the task at hand kept Singleman and Feteris well occupied until they stepped out onto the take-off ledge (far right), jumped, and flew into history (top centre).

like lemmings to the **SLAUGHTER**

training program helped me rationalise my way onto the edge of the crane. I was weak-kneed with fear. Between my feet I could see my wife on the ground below pointing a camera at me. The whole world seemed to stop. Fear clawed at my bowels and bladder but the only toilet was 100 metres down. I had to accept the horror and turn it into something positive.

I started the countdown and, like Pavlov's dog, my knees flexed and pushed forward. My world exploded in an adrenalin overload. I felt suspended in space and the ground seemed to be rushing up to meet me.

The parachute opened with a jolt. I was alive and every nerve ending in my body was rejoicing. A few seconds later I was on the ground. It was quick and intense, like a whole body orgasm. After the adrenalin had worn off I felt as tired as if I had run a marathon.

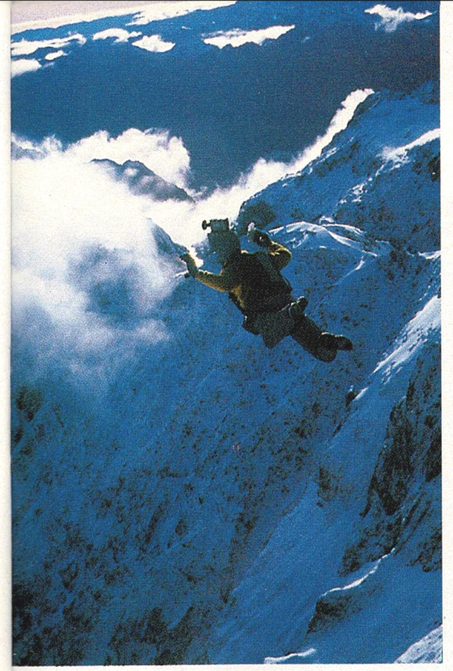
•

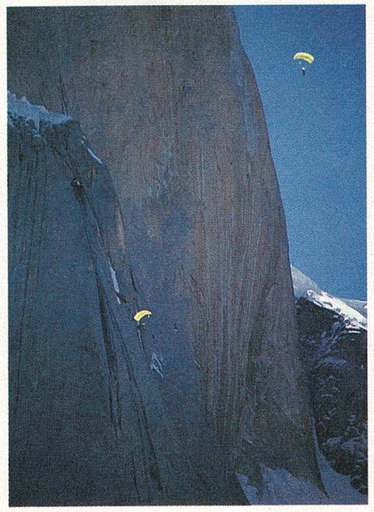
I started Nic's climbing lessons on the Cornerstone Rib in the Warrumbungle National Park. It's a 300 metre high granite dyke on the corner of Crater Bluff, a volcanic plug left towering above the surrounding countryside by millennia of erosion. The climb is a long and committing one.

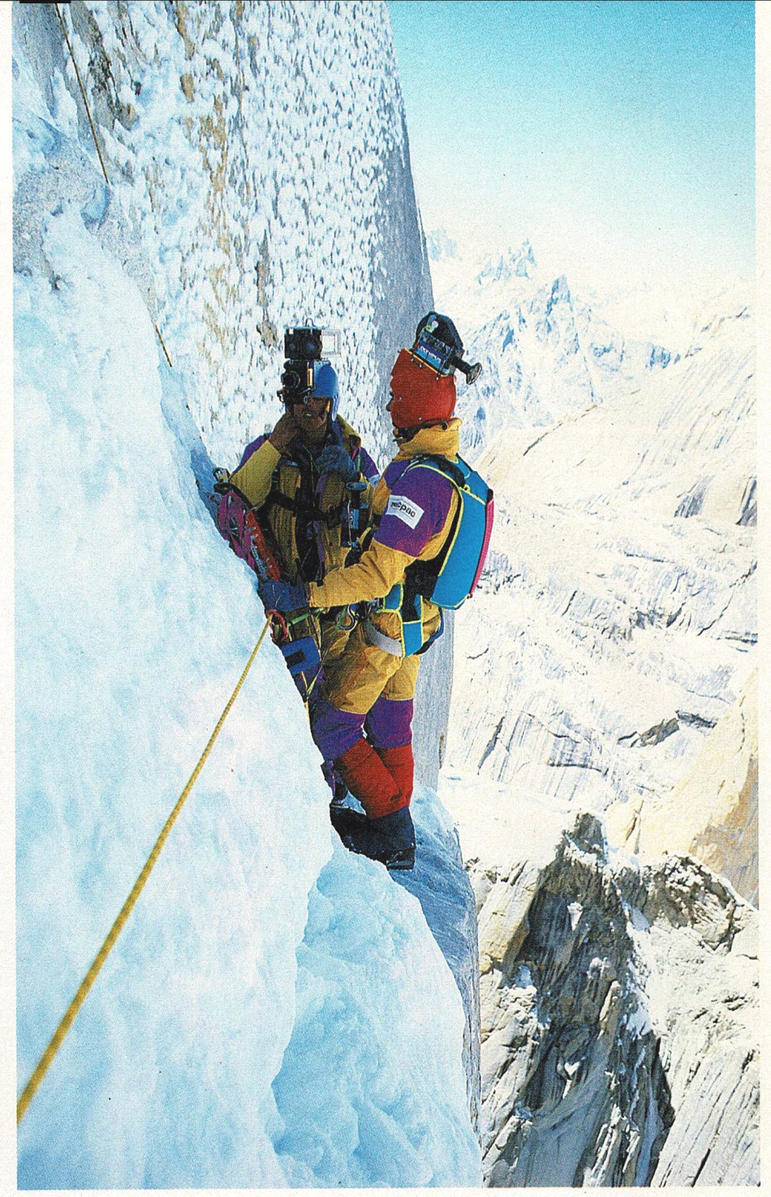
Nic had to deal with the pressure of being on the edge all the time. "Basejumping is about eliminating risks. With climbing I feel I have to take risks all the time. It's a vicious circle – I reckon I can't possibly make the next move without falling, but if I stay in the same position I'll fall anyway, so I go for it and I don't fall and then the whole thing starts again," he said.

•

There were more climbs and basejumps. We had to give each other the necessary skills to be responsible for our own lives. After another nine months we







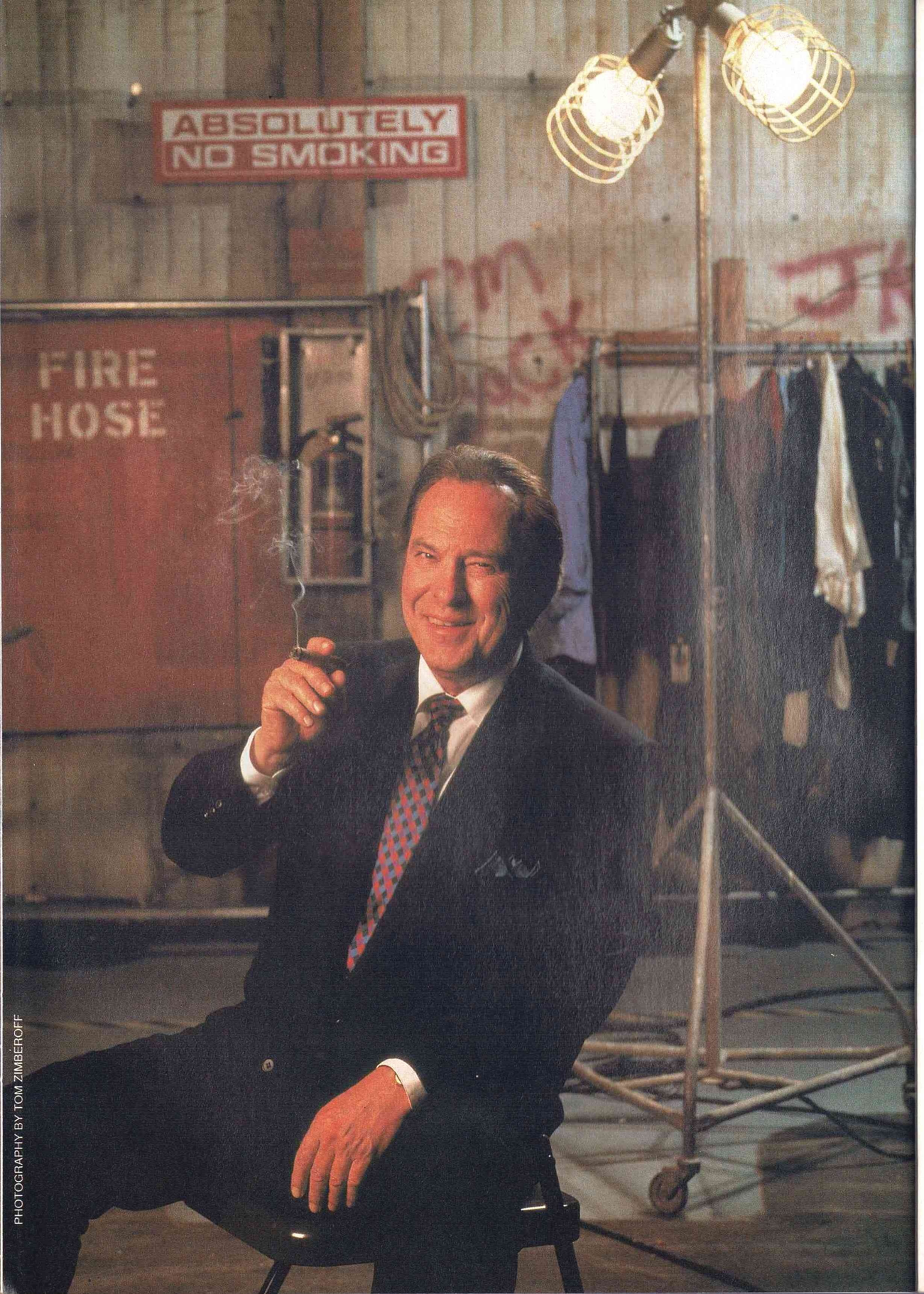
were physically ready, but that was only half the job – the hardest part was raising the finances. Expeditions require a lot of specialised equipment and personnel, but to make a film of an expedition increases the frustration and cost by a factor of 10. We were fortunate enough to attract two major sponsors – the National Geographic Society and Star Micronics Computer Printers. With their help we assembled a team of eight expert climbers, cameramen, and stills photographers.

The Great Trango Tower lies in North-East Pakistan. The nearest village is 60 kilometres away, and since it's a Moslem country we couldn't even buy a beer there! The walk in follows the Baltoro Glacier, which flows away from the second highest mountain in the world, K2. It is a desolate wasteland of rock and ice. There are no trees and no shade; there is constant rockfall and avalanche; the whole area reeks of impermanence and instability.

We employed 48 porters to move our one tonne of climbing, parachute, camera and personal equipment. They are untamed, intense men more suited to the Wild West than the 20th century. It took us four days to reach basecamp at 4200 metres, then the eight of us spent about three weeks carrying half of the equipment up to camp two at 5500 metres. We needed the time for acclimatisation to that altitude, but the effort of grunting over the treacherously loose rocks with a 25 kilogram pack was debilitating, and Nic dismissed my acclimatisation arguments as a con.

During one of our load carries to camp two, the ground began to shake and we heard the crack and roar of a giant avalanche on a nearby mountain. A rock pillar 20 metres wide and 100 metres high collapsed, dumping millions of tonnes of rock onto the glacier below. Our high hopes seemed so insignificant

(continued on page 104)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

15 QUESTIONS

RIP TORN

The non-Method actor who never mumbled reflects on Oscar nominations, FBI files and missing out to Jack Nicholson on Easy Rider.

Artie, the producer of US television smash hit The Larry Sanders Show, steers Garry Shandling's fictional late-night star with the hand of a veteran. Playing Artie is the veteran Rip Torn. Torn, perhaps the country's busiest – though least appreciated – actor, gives the talk-show parody a jolt of smarts with experience gleaned from years in theatre, movies and television.

Torn got his start on Broadway and in the famed live television dramas of the '50s, and appeared headed for stardom early. But his outspoken political views and what some describe as impatience with certain directors tarnished his reputation. The term "blacklist" emerged in connection with Torn's inability to land marquee roles. But if big Hollywood parts eluded him, Torn kept up his craft in theatre and in offbeat films. He earned a 1983 Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actor in Cross Creek. Television and film roles followed, not a few forgettable, but Torn makes no secret of needing paydays as much as any father of six.

Torn, who was married to – and occasionally appeared onstage with – the actress Geraldine Page (she died in 1987), has for years owned a house in Manhattan's Chelsea neighbourhood. Sissy Spacek boarded there, while her cousin Rip helped her make the rounds of New York theatrical agents. Torn also rents a house in Malibu, but the Texas native prefers New York's tolerant atmosphere. "If somebody got caught with the wrong lady in Texas, he'd hear about it the rest of his life," he says. "New Yorkers are more good-hearted."

Playboy contributor ***Warren Kalbacker*** *met several times with Torn, who sometimes brought along primary source material: yellowed newspaper clippings, army discharge papers and parts of his FBI file. "They'll help you think of questions," Torn insisted.*

1.

PLAYBOY: A coffee-shop waiter recently complimented you on a live television performance he recalled from the '50s. Does the "legend" mantle rest comfortably on your shoulders?

TORN: I ignore it. I'm a veteran. God, I've done a massive amount of work since 1955. I had already done a number of plays on Broadway before Paul Newman came to town, though he's older than I am. When I first came to New York every actor mumbled. They all wanted to be Marlon Brando. I figured out that it's better to be a third-rate me than a second-rate somebody else. So I always tried to be loud and clear and I played a wide variety of roles. I was Newman's understudy in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and then I got to play the part. Then there was the live television industry. The stage-trained actors were really prepared to do a one or two-hour show live. If something went wrong they could adlib or pick up. When that camera was on you, 20 million people were watching every move you made. But it didn't scare me. I had all these relatives in Texas and I felt this was a way to visit with them. I knew my Aunt Rose and Uncle Weldon and my mother and dad and all the other Rips were watching.

2.

PLAYBOY: The name on your birth certificate is Elmore. Rip is a family nickname. How many Rips are there?

TORN: There are three of us now. There was my late father, Elmore – I'm named after him. My cousin Sam. My Uncle Roland Torn in Houston is the patriarch and the big Rip of the family. It's just a gag because our last name is Torn. But my kids will get it the way I got it. Somebody will have to stick it on them. I got it because I went to Texas A&M, where my father had been called Rip when he was on the yell squad – he was a cheerleader. It's very prestigious. You try out and they vote on you. I was on the squad as a freshman and someone said I should use my father's name. When I came to New York the comics picked up on Rip and they used it in their acts. I became the mythical crazed Method actor. It really burned me up. But I remember one comic saying, "We like you, otherwise we wouldn't be goofing on you."

3.

PLAYBOY: You've been described as an actor's actor. Wouldn't you rather have been a star?

RIP TORN

TORN: Sure, I always wanted to be a star. The actor John Heard – a friend of mine – says that I set an example for the younger actors playing these off-beat parts. I told him I didn't choose a lot of parts. I had kids to feed. When I was 17 years old my acting teacher told my mother and dad that I had the looks and the voice of a leading man. But he also said I had a gift as a character actor. A real character actor doesn't always play small bank presidents, he creates characters. Every time you see him he's virtually unrecognisable. My teacher said that if I took that path, I might never be a great star, but I would have a longer professional life. I cussed the guy for years. But this has been more interesting. Women write that part of the fun of watching me is arguing with their husbands over whether or not it's me.

4.

PLAYBOY: You were up for the role in *Easy Rider* that catapulted Jack Nicholson to stardom. If you'd landed that part, would it have put an end to arguments about your identity?

TORN: It probably would have been a wonderful part for me, but it might not have done for me what it did for Nicholson. The story came out that I threw a fit in New Orleans and walked off the set. I was never on the set. They were just negotiating with me because they wanted me to play the part. My friend Terry Southern wrote the part with me in mind. I made some good comments about the script and I gave them a few other ideas. But I was broke. There was a tax lien against my bank account for $3500. Peter Fonda was one of the producers and he said everybody was working for minimum, around $400 a week at the time. I asked them for $3500 for six weeks' work and never heard from them. Regrets? Hell, yeah. I wouldn't have to hear these stories.

5.

PLAYBOY: You received an Oscar nomination as Best Supporting Actor for your role in *Cross Creek* and lost out to, of all people, Jack Nicholson in *Terms Of Endearment*. Any hard feelings?

TORN: Come on. He wasn't a supporting player. His name was up there above the title. Anyway, I didn't care. Actors say it's an honour to be nominated because it's our peers who nominate us. But the fix was in. Nicholson was going to win. My game plan was to make him sweat. And he did. He sweated through his tux that night. Literally. Yeah, right. [*Laughs*] I have a witness. My daughter was right there. When he won he looked at me and I nodded to him that it was okay. The cameras were on my face. They always go to the losers – a lot of them are saying, "Shit!" or they're sad – and you can see anguish on their faces. But Rip gave Nicholson the fuckin' ear!

6.

PLAYBOY: You insist you're not a Method actor. To borrow a line from *Defending Your Life*, can you tell us what percentage of your brain you use when preparing for a role?

The fix was in. Nicholson was going to win. My game plan was to make him sweat. And he did. He sweated through his tux that night.

TORN: Oh, Jesus. I hope more than 2 or 3 per cent. My son John always beats me at chess in a couple of moves. Lee Strasberg – who was a good enough friend to battle with – told people I wasn't a Method actor. I select my props like a basketball player selects his shoes and his jockstrap. I work from the outside in. I wear the clothes of the character, walk and talk like the character, and look like I'm doing the work that the character's supposed to be doing. Not to pat myself on the back, but when I worked on *Payday*, I spent four months learning to play all those songs so that on camera I look like an accomplished guitarist. When I started in the theatre I was always told you pitch your performance to the deaf lady in the second balcony. For Shakespeare, for any play with a tragic dimension, you have to have emotion. My teacher Sanford Meisner said you can train and train and learn the Method, but it won't make any difference if you don't have talent. That's the mystery. A lot of times I don't really like to know what I'm doing. If you like it, fine. Don't try to pick it apart and analyse it.

7.

PLAYBOY: Why do you have to defend your life every time you're up for an acting job?

TORN: I've always believed it has something to do with being involved in civil rights work. I wasn't working mainstream from the time of John Kennedy's assassination to when President Carter came in. I just worked off-Broadway and made little movies in Europe. It didn't put beans on the table. When I went to work on the Shandling show, somebody – not Shandling – questioned me about my politics. He asked, "Weren't you a well-known radical in the '60s? What are your politics now?" And I said, "A secret ballot, that's my politics." I think it's partially a device to knock you down so you're not on your high horse in a negotiating way. You have to negotiate the price you're going to get. But it's gotten even more difficult. A lot of times they want you to read for the casting director, who probably hadn't been born when you were starring on Broadway.

8.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever advocated the overthrow of the United States government by force or violence?

TORN: Horseshit. I think because of my military background some people said, "Gee, this guy was a training officer in the army and maybe he's training an army of guerrilla fighters." That's just a bunch of happy horse hockey. I did talk with the Kennedys about civil rights and with Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte and James Baldwin during the early part of that administration. I didn't volunteer, I was asked to go. I said, "Look, I grew up in my own society, but I'll do my damnedest to help." It was said that after that meeting, instead of opposing the civil rights movement, the Kennedys decided to lead it. Pretty heavy. That meeting may have led indirectly to their deaths. I was a bit naive. I just felt I was speaking out as an American and I thought I'd serve my country. I didn't think I would suddenly be considered a danger to my country. I think my FBI file started then. I became paranoid, but not without reason. Right before shows opened I always got accidentally hit by a police or FBI car. I got all kinds of broken bones that weren't really my fault. I look like a prophet now. I know a lot of the stuff coming out about the way intelligence groups operated in our country. I'd been part of it in the military police. There isn't any privacy. Hoover's gone and I don't know how gay he was or wasn't, but there's no doubt that he used blackmail. People say, what if they're taping you. I think they're better at it now. But I don't give a damn. I'm just trying to take care of my family, do my work and have a little bit of a good time and not hurt nobody.

9.

PLAYBOY: As a white Southerner with liberal beliefs, did you ever have a close encounter with that crowd in white sheets?

TORN: I was in Louisiana with Burt Reynolds doing an *American Sportsman* show and these guys came by and wanted to talk to me. One of the guides actually thought they were Klan. Old Burt, I'll say this for him, he stayed right there with me. The guys knew I had been working in civil rights. I had a beard at the time and one of them said, "Oh, my God, that's disgusting." And I said, "What's the matter, brother? What's upsetting you?" He said, "That fuzz on your face." I said, "This beard?" He said, "That's disgusting." I said, "Well, you gonna have to get a sledge-hammer and go around to all the courthouses in the South and smash the statues because Robert E. Lee had a beard." And he said, "His was trimmed." I said, "Old Stonewall Jackson didn't trim his beard." And he said, "He don't count." So I said, "What's it gonna be, guns or knives? I'll tell you what, I'll challenge you guys to push-ups." As scared as I was, I imagined I could do about 50. And he said, "Oh, hell, let's drink." I always try to put out plain what I believe in.

10.

PLAYBOY: The YMCA recently fouled up your gym registration. Will that cramp your performance style?

TORN: It deters you from working out. Olivier himself – we worked out at the same gym – said that the most important thing for an actor is physical strength. I'm terrified every night I go onstage, but I try to relax by doing a lot of leg raises. I predicted that at the end of 13 weeks of the Shandling show, I'd be the one left standing. I was. I don't know when Shandling got any sleep. I used to tell him: "You should use your lunch hour and breaks to take naps instead of having these conferences." I keep myself in shape.

11.

PLAYBOY: As a veteran of tough-guy roles who was born and raised in the South-West, do you have a special understanding of what it means to be macho?

TORN: My macho means being like a big bull with your *cojones* clanging around and taking offence at whatever might challenge you. Sometimes you're forced to be macho. I'll meet people who say they saw me onstage and I scared the piss out of them or they saw me in a movie and thought I was a big guy but realised I'm just a pussycat. Then I say, "Don't make a mistake." I guess you can be brave without being macho, but you can't be macho without being brave. It's a way of behaving that we're trying to ameliorate. As I've gotten older I like the idea of a gentleman being a gentle man. In Latin societies, men are secure enough to hug and pound on one another's backs. Actors have always done that. I remember years ago being at a screening and meeting Dustin Hoffman, whom I hadn't seen in a long time, and we hugged each other and the people around us were astounded.

12.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have the reputation of being a difficult actor to work with?

TORN: You may hear some producer say that I'm giving him a hard time, but you'll never hear that from my fellow actors. I've never missed a day's work. I've never walked off a set – I may have walked to a telephone sometimes. I would never stand for somebody cursing me or abusing me or telling me how rotten I am. It's not part of my contract to take verbal abuse. In one episode Artie was scared of being fired. I've been fired and replaced so much in my life, it's part of my persona. 'Cause being fired is a kind of death. But a lot of times they've been amazed after they fired me and got somebody else that the whole project went down the tubes.

13.

PLAYBOY: You've remarked that casting a hook into Croton Reservoir has eased the pain of losing out on acting jobs. Does fishing give you the satisfaction of controlling the barb?

TORN: It's a blood sport. But I don't want to get a big string of fish, just a couple of trout to put on the table. I like to be in water, and wading in a river is soothing. Fishing is very zestful. You're taking an illusion – the hackle on a dry fly looks to the fish like the feet of an insect when the fly rests on the water – and acting like a puppet-master with it. That play of light and shadow is very artistic. It takes many different skills and crafts to be a good fly-fisherman. You study the water. You make a certain kind of cast. And even if you know all those things, that doesn't mean you're going to catch the fish.

14.

PLAYBOY: Theatrical marriages are notoriously unstable. What was the secret to your 22 year marriage to Geraldine Page?

TORN: It was very tough till I figured out how to do it. I told her never to take any messages or scripts for me and I would never take messages or scripts for her. People assumed that if they offered me a part in a project I could talk her into doing it, too. That made me very angry and I'd turn into the street Artie. I made a lot of enemies in those days. I'm not an agent. I'm not a pimp.

15.

PLAYBOY: Rip and Artie's use of "horseshit" sounds almost quaint at a time when "fuck" seems to be the expletive of choice. Are you out to set an example of softer speech for the nation?

TORN: Actors have a way of underlining those words that makes them sound a bit unnatural. When people really use those words, they don't usually stress them so much. I just try to say them the way somebody naturally would. And now that everybody cusses a lot I try to clean up my own language.

Antoinette ups the ante

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANS WIENTJENS AND HANS TOONEN

Not-so-little Miss Mosterman has a fine seat when she's mounted – but her dream is a stud farm of her own.

When we ask Antoinette Mosterman what most turns her on, she flashes back, without a moment's hesitation: "Muscular male buttocks in taut jeans sitting on a Harley – with me up behind them!" Okay, we ponder, not the least bit fazed, let's get on to a self-portrait of this 174 cm blonde beauty. "I'm pretty satisfied with my body," she replies, "but physically I like my behind best."

Clearly bottoms loom pretty large in Antoinette Mosterman's life, although we have to admit that, size-wise (or any other wise), hers couldn't be more perfect. Which is just as well, since one of Antoinette's main passions is galloping through the woods on horse-back. She likes living in her country village in Holland with animals and nature all around, but her life's dream is a stud farm with Spanish and Arabian horses.

For vacations Antoinette prefers diving and snorkeling in clear, clean water with no sharks around. Since her favourite film is *The Man From Snowy River*, it sounds like Australia might just fill the bill.

Can't be soon enough, Antoinette. We're putting up the shark nets!

Bigger than THE GAME

In the '90s, the name of the game is marketing, not just for the sport of rugby league but for its star performers. Neil Cadigan looks at the moneymakers.

It wasn't all that long ago that, while our greatest footballers made us cry with pride and elation, and were hailed as super beings of a sports-motivated nation, they were rewarded with little more than glory.

Golfers and tennis players made their fortunes in overseas markets; those who kicked and passed a leather ball were the poor financial relations. Kids could buy their faces on chewing gum cards, but cashing in on their adulation meant a spot on Rex Mossop's Controversy Corner, a heavily ghosted newspaper column or a pub in the bush when it was all over.

Now at last rugby league has undergone a revolution. It began with State of Origin, those NSW-Queensland battles that are now Australasia's highest rating television programs. But the greatest kick-along came with the Tina-Turnaround – when Tina Turner was brought to our screen in those breathtaking TV ads in 1989. Just a few years after going through its worst credibility crisis, crowds down and on-field violence up, the game was seen in a whole new light: spectacular and sexy. Wally Lewis was already a status symbol, Andrew Ettingshausen became the sex symbol and Wayne Pearce the health guru. The corporate doors, once firmly shut to league's "boofheads", suddenly yawned open.

In the '90s, rugby league has manifested way past a game they play on Sundays. It's an industry that can generate $5 million from three annual Origin battles, and its stars have become national faces of fortune.

The game's three highest profiled players – Allan Langer, Mal Meninga and Ettingshausen – earn more off the field than by bursting through tackles. And their profiles, not just in the league heartlands of Queensland and NSW, are as high as any national sporting personalities'.

Langer and Ettingshausen are the first of their era to work full-time on pushing their marketability. It is their only daily job, and a hectic one. They endorse products from beer to bread, suits to sunglasses, they are sought by women's magazines and, in ET's case, the soapie directors.

This year Langer was in the middle of an early season form slump, yet his popularity was unaffected. He was featured as the cover story of *The Australian*'s weekend magazine and the *Sydney Morning Herald*'s *Good Weekend* on the same day.

The little guy they call Alfie, once a member of an Ipswich Council road gang, is now unique. He was earning a reported $150,000 from his contract with the Brisbane Broncos and $160,000 from commercial income when the Broncos' marketing arm, the strongest in the league, made him a deal: work for us full-time and we will pay you $200,000 from football and $200,000 for any commercial activity we demand from you or create for you. At the end of his most successful season, one that earned him a premiership, Dally M award and Rothmans medal, Alfie Langer committed himself to the Broncos for a further five years – a $2,000,000 guarantee!

However, his former manager, Richard

PHOTO BY MIKE LARDER/SPORT THE LIBRARY

Bigger than THE GAME

Winten, who, ironically, is marketing the introduction of Brisbane's new club the Crushers, says it may not have been such a wise move bowing to the overwhelming dollars – and it opens some serious questions about what a club can and can't pay players under the $1.6 million salary cap (for player payments) imposed on them.

"It's a minefield," Winten says of any deal where a club controls a player's off-field activities. "What happens if there is a contract dispute? I can see so many conflicts of interest. When is the marketing man representing the club and when

is he representing Allan Langer? And how does the league monitor what a player is getting under the salary cap and under the guise of marketing?"

But how could any young man guaranteed $2 million to flit from sponsor to TV studio to footy training, all in a week's work, say no?

If Ettingshausen, efficiently managed by Brian Walsh's The Promotions Department, and his Cronulla club had had a similar deal, the much publicised rift over his long-existing contract with the Saucony sports and leisure wear company, seen by his club as being in conflict with its sponsorship by Reebok, would not have eventuated.

ET, fresh from his bout of malaria and $350,000 windfall from Australian Consolidated Press (subject to appeal) for an indiscreet photo in the dressing room shower, found himself in troubled waters with the Sharks after they signed on Reebok as their major sponsor. Multinational giant Reebok, it is rumoured, had been trying to get ET's signature for some time. Walsh, former Channel 10 publicity director and manager of sports and soapie stars, has made Ettingshausen into a phenomenon – and takes a 15 per cent cut of his $500,000 annual earnings. Ettingshausen, naturally good-looking, is a sex symbol devoted to his wife and daughter – and his football. He maintains league has always come first and that, if he isn't performing, his off-field bonanza ends. Mind you, he puts many hours into

How could any young man guaranteed $2 million to flit from sponsor to TV studio to footy training, all in a week's work, say no?

his weekday job of appearing on Channel 7's *Out And About* program, as well as a weekend leisure report on the news and on fishing shows, his other great love. He has knocked back roles in TV soapies *Home And Away* and *E Street*, but squeezes in activities for Jeans West (casual wear), Aussie Male (suits/formal wear), Saucony, Cebe (sunglasses), Shimano (fishing and sports goods) and Sega-Ozisoft, which released an ET Rugby League computer game last year and sold more than 20,000 units. He also owned a gymnasium at the Cronulla Leagues Club until earlier this year.

The pitfall is that when these superstars of sport don't perform to the high standards expected of them *every* match, overemphasis on their other activities is always questioned. Says Walsh: "Football always comes first with Andrew; we often speak about this. He knows that when his form is not up to scratch, no one wants him."

Langer, who quickly succeeded the retired "King" Wally Lewis (still earning many corporate dollars) as Queensland's most feted "local" sports hero (when do they see Greg Norman?), went through the mill when he and his Broncos started the 1993 season in moderate form. The tiny half-back, whose modesty is perfectly marketed if not contrived, was never accused of big-headedness, just of having too many diversions in his life. Coach Wayne Bennett defended him, and Langer pointed out that he had the same lifestyle when he was regarded the world's best player six months earlier. Yet being at the beck and call of the ever-demanding Broncos may have made extra demands on his time.

Rugby League Week magazine tagged along with Alfie for a typical day of his life, and this is what they witnessed: a session at a television production house for a Tip Top bread advertisement; to a car dealership to pick up a specially released Allan Langer Ford Laser TX5, maroon of course, and with a five-year guarantee because Langer had re-signed for five years with the Broncos; to Radio 4KQ to do a voice-over on commercials for the car dealership; a game of indoor soccer at the Queensland Police Academy; a quick lunch and a few $50 bets on the midweek races; to QEII Stadium (oops, ANZ Stadium – Alf can't forget the sponsors) for a television commercial appealing to fans to take public transport to the ground for the upcoming matches; then to a Broncos weight session – he arrived late because the producer of the TV ad was delayed. Seeing it was the Broncos who organised the shoot, he knew he was exempt from punishment.

Previous page: Allan Langer makes a good quid at work, but with endorsements his income doubles.

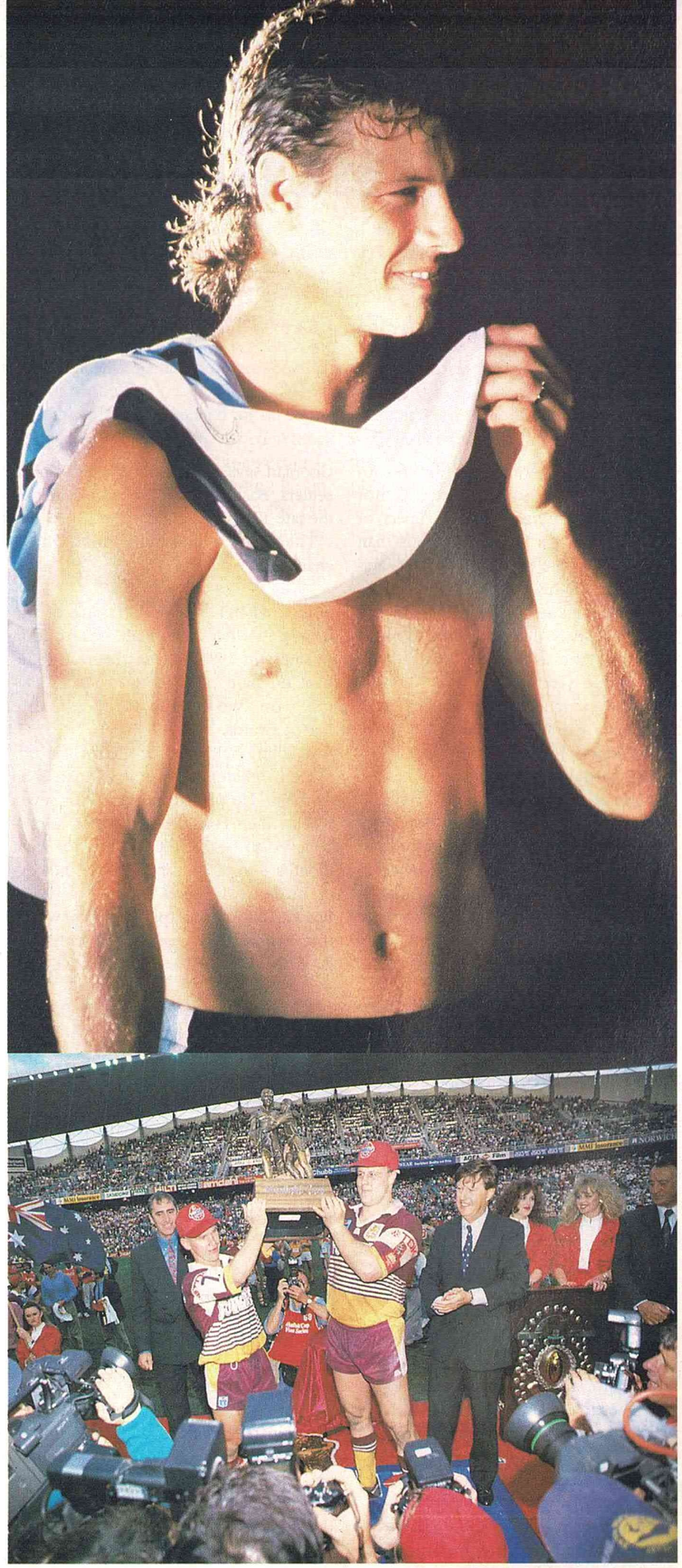
Mal Meninga (left): The "ultimate hero"; Ettingshausen (right): The alluring sex symbol; "Alfie" (right below): The traditional battler made good.

Langer described such frantic activity as just a job. "Some commitments I enjoy, others I hate, some are so-so," he says. "But I have to do it to the best of my ability. I used to work on a council road gang; where do you think I'd rather be today?"

The interesting thing is that each different footballing personality has tapped a particular niche, some while playing, others upon retirement. Langer is the traditional battler, representing rugby league's working class roots; Ettingshausen is alluring, once voted by *Cleo* magazine readers as the world's sexiest man (underneath he is genuinely shy and reserved); Meninga, the Australian Test team captain and greatest modern day survivor, is the ultimate hero, a physical colossus, who has a $100,000 a year contract with brewers Fourex Castlemaine among other interests. Paul Vautin, "Fatty" to Tooheys drinkers and TV watchers, was a moderately successful footballer who turned his larrikin image into big dollars. He appears weekly on Ray Martin's *Midday Show*, is the focal point of the Tooheys series of ads, was star lair of the madcap Lowes clothes ads until Channel 9 intervened, and also appears on the Nine commentary team and sports shows – the Max Walker of league in the '90s. And his biography sold more than 50,000 copies, the best selling of such books in Australia. Indeed such is their appeal, league biographies generally outsell Bryce Courtenay and Tom Keneally's best works.

Meanwhile the man generally regarded as league's greatest ever player, John Raper, often unemployed in the two decades since retirement, dodges from function to function, wishing he was born into the sport's ritzy new world of popularity.

The image makers' hard work has paid dividends, in no greater quantity than for Ipswich elf Langer and handsome Ettingshausen. Alf and ET, extraterrestrial earners set up for life and Aussie icons of film star proportions, are living proof the game will never be the same.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SPORT – THE LIBRARY

YANKEES DRIBBLE DANDY

The extensive role of American players in Australian basketball has been widely criticised, but their presence has been crucial to the national success of the sport, argues James Weston.

Brian Goorjian is a junkie. An addict. But his drug is not something to smoke, inject or sniff. It's far more serious than that. He was born with it, and it's in his blood. It's basketball.

Goorjian came halfway across the world to satisfy that addiction. Born in California, he arrived in Australia in 1976, three years before the National Basketball League had an identity, well before the world had heard of a bloke called Magic Johnson, and eight years before Australia made any sort of basketball impact on the international scene.

"When I got out here the only Americans were junkies, guys who loved the game and welcomed the chance to stay involved in it," Goorjian recalls. "If we told anyone back home that we were playing basketball in Australia, they thought it was a beer league: just something to run up to and have fun."

In a sense, "beer league" was precisely what Goorjian came into. He was signed for a plane ticket and a job. Victoria was the home of basketball but there was no money to pay him and the national club championship was the game's pinnacle.

Goorjian was typical of those early imports, and his countrymen of the time have had arguably the strongest influence on the NBL today. Goorjian coaches the South-East Melbourne Magic, reigning league champions. Bruce Palmer, his closest friend, is coaching Brisbane after a long, illustrious career with North Melbourne. Gary Fox is the referees' commissioner. And Bill Palmer, then Victorian director of coaching, is now the general manager of the NBL, which was eventually formed in 1979.

The list goes on. "We all coached juniors, took clinics in schools, a lot of us coached women's Division A teams, and some of us kept in the game after we retired and we're coaching today," Goorjian says of the early American hoop settlers. Basketball for the Americans of the late 1970s was a life.

These days, however, things have changed. It's a living.

•

Scott Fisher is a cornerstone of the league. Another Californian, he arrived in Australia in 1986 and has been a dominant on-court presence ever since, having won two league Most Valuable Player awards.

A falling-out with the Giants last off-season threatened to end his career in Australia. He played in France for seven weeks, then considered a major offer – believed to be $US100,000 nett for eight months – in Japan. The lifestyle, however, made up his mind: "Having played in France, the idea of playing somewhere else, where they don't speak the same language . . ." Fisher accepted an offer with Perth.

"I wanted to keep playing here. It's that simple," he says.

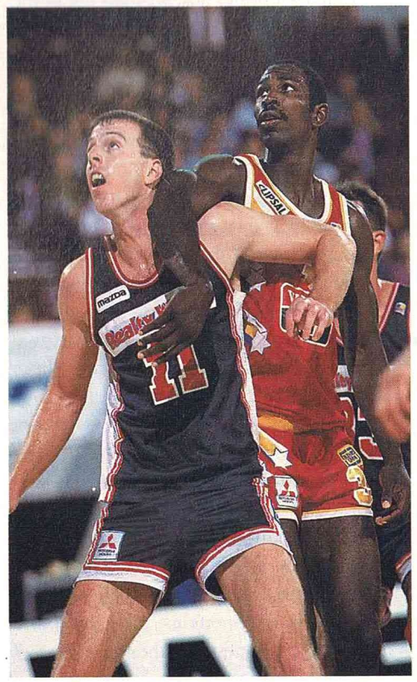
The powerful forward, the second longest serving import in the NBL, is an exception in that he has survived seven seasons. Each club is allowed two imported players, usually American, and some field a handful of naturalised Australians who were born in the US. But most imports come and go within a two-year span – many don't last two months – as their value expires in the wake of the league's continued development. And that development is linked directly to the improving local content. So you have to ask, why are Australians turning to basketball.

There's the Olympic factor. Fourth place in the 1988 Seoul Games underlined Australia's international standing, and the chance to play for your country is a natural incentive some other sports don't offer. Then, of course, the money is attractive – many lower ranked players take home as much as $30,000 per annum through their basketball, while the up-and-coming stars demand up to $70,000.

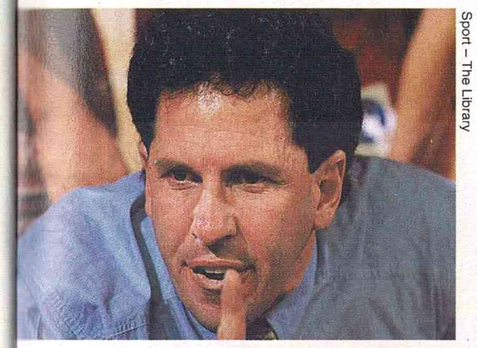
There's also the environment of the sport (played inside, therefore presenting regulated conditions), increasing spectator support, the reduced physical contact in comparison, say, with various football codes (although it is far tougher than meets the eye) and the increasing public profile through the media.

And of course there's the American influence. Quality coaching leads to improving standards, and it's no coincidence that seven of the 14 NBL coaches in 1993 are American-born.

John Stelzer – here being challenged by Adelaide's Mark Davis, a long-time import – is a classic example of superseded Aussie talent.



CHRIS ELFES



Sport – The Library

Brian Goorjian (above) is a man with a serious "basketball jones"! Scott Fisher (below) is the player other imports are measured against.

After all, it's an American sport.

"[*Basketball*] was discovered in America and the NBA is the best league in the world," Goorjian says.

"I think that influence will always remain pretty strong. And as the Australian side of things comes up to match it, the league will only move forward."

Evidence of the league's development is illustrated by its "victims", Australian players who were once prominent starters in the NBL. These days, every minute is precious.

Take Nigel Purchase, who has moved to the Brisbane bench after suffering at the hands of the talent in the Melbourne Tigers' program. In 1987, Purchase averaged 16 points and six assists per game. A starter, he played 42 minutes each night, and was the only player on the roster to play in all 26 regular season games.

In 1992, Purchase became the first Tiger to play 200 national league games. Yet he produced just two points and less than one assist per game, and managed to play just eight minutes each time he hit the pine. In 1987, Purchase averaged 16 shots per game. Last season, he put up 41 attempts for the year.

"I suppose Nigel's game has suffered as the league has overtaken players like him," says Melbourne NBL beat writer Chris Appleby, himself a former Canberra Cannon benchman.

"He has been eclipsed . . . Another in that category is [*Canberra's*] John Stelzer. Five years ago he was starting in the Australian team against the Russians in a six-Test series. He's co-captain this year, but nowhere near the same player."

Stelzer is 25, Purchase is 27. Of course, Stelzer is the same player, as is Purchase, but the standard is simply passing them by.

"The league is that much stronger because Australian kids coming into the game today have had a focus, the National League, which was not there for the generation before them. The level of coaching is incomparably stronger, probably due to the Americans who came in as the league started and grew. And, probably for the first time, the money is in basketball for Australians to make a living."

The success of Perth's Luc Longley in the NBA (signed by Minnesota in 1991, he was the first Australian ever drafted) has even made the NBA, where million dollar contracts are the norm, a sporting goal for Australians.

Notably, the NBA opened an office in Melbourne late last year. It's reaching out, and Australians are answering – more and more juniors are tasting life in US colleges, the logical path to the big time, and you can't visit a playground or local court without being swarmed by NBA merchandise. (A recent survey identified Chicago Bulls star Michael Jordan as one of Australian primary school children's favourite sportsmen.)

Of course, Americans don't have a mortgage on imports. Townsville, a franchise entering the league this season, signed experienced Lithuanian Rimas Kurtinaitis. An Olympic gold medallist in 1988 for the Soviet Union, Kurtinaitis was selected by Suns coach Mark Bragg for his dependability and international experience. At 33, the Lithuanian hasn't disappointed. "He's clearly as professional as any American I've seen out here," Bragg notes.

As the Spanish and Italian leagues experience a financial slump, more Europeans may be interested in stepping into the Australian league. Yet the bulk will still come from America, as failures in the NBA – clearly the world's premier competition – seek out a living down under.

But their role is changing. Hobart's Wayne McDaniel arrived in the early 1980s. "I was a scorer, nothing else . . . every American had to score, or else they didn't last," says McDaniel, now naturalised.

"It was up to the Australians to play defence," adds McDaniel's coach then and now, popular American Cal Bruton. "That's really turned around. You know, these days Americans have to come out with an all-round game or they won't survive."

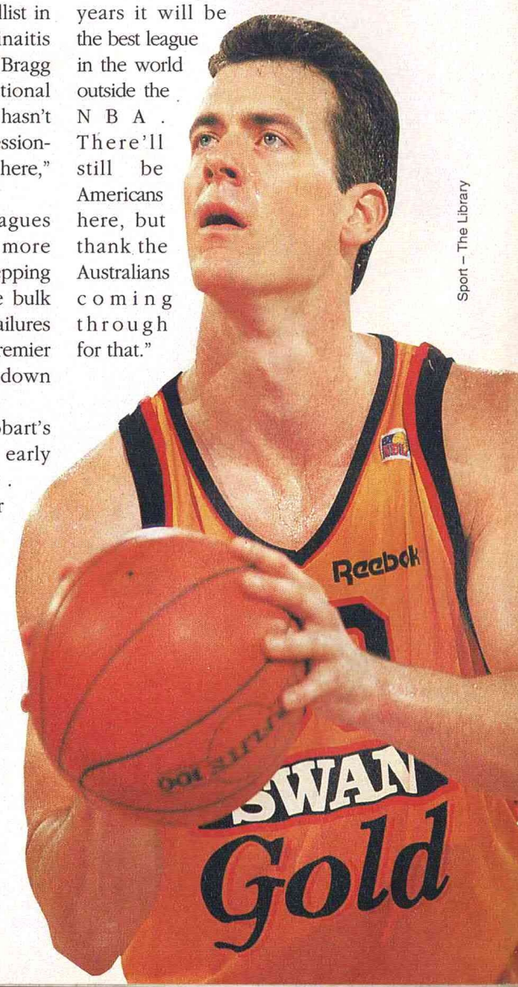
Make no mistake, as long as the rules allow Americans, they will remain the key players and, with a handful of exceptions – Melbourne's Andrew Gaze and Perth's Andrew Vlahov, for instance – the major influence on a team's fortunes.

However, the composition of the league is changing, courtesy of the improving local talent. Consider the case of Philadelphia native Doug Overton. The former Detroit Pistons draft choice signed with Illawarra last season, and past experience suggested his NBA aspirations were all but over.

Overton was a star in the NBL, making the All-Star first team and being in many people's eyes a worthy contender for Most Valuable Player (the eventual co-winners were Fisher and Gaze). On his return to the US, Overton trialled with and won a place on the Washington Bullets roster, at the time crediting the season in Australia for having improved his game.

"It gave the league that bit more credibility. By word of mouth and things like Overton's experience, it's a very acceptable career move to play out here," says Magic forward Bruce Bolden, like Fisher one of the rarities – a long-time import.

"Overton was a statement to the rest of the basketball world that this league is for real," Goorjian concludes. "In 10 to 15 years it will be the best league in the world outside the NBA. There'll still be Americans here, but thank the Australians coming through for that."



Sport – The Library

If Her Friends Could See Her Now

Stephanie Adams, descendant of American presidents, has big plans.

Meet Stephanie Adams of Jersey City, New Jersey, superachiever – not to mention fashion model, artist, clothing designer and, of particular note, a relative of the second and sixth presidents of the United States. "Yup, I'm blood-related to John and John Quincy Adams," Stephanie says with a shrug, quickly adding that her aunt Bootsy has the paperwork to back up the claim of presidential lineage. "Family lore has it that John had a couple of girlfriends and, well, you know ..." Then she breaks into a laugh. But the celebrated ancestry of the Adams family is just one aspect of Stephanie's already remarkable life. At 22, she's headed for the big time and shows no sign of slowing down. "There are so many things I want to do," says the part-West Indian, part-Irish, part-Cherokee, completely gorgeous model. "I want to be on the cover of every magazine – the female equivalent of Michael Jackson. This is where I belong."

"Posing nude was fun," says Stephanie. "Most models hate lingerie and bathing-suit jobs, but I've always loved showing my body. And *Playboy*'s photographers made my skin look like cafe au lait." How will the nuns from Stephanie's Catholic school days react to her shots here? "I think they'll be happy. I'm very Catholic, but I see this as beauty. Besides, my nuns were cool."

When Stephanie was small, her folks were always on the road, so she was raised by her aunts Pearl and Joyce, both former models, in Orange, New Jersey. It was the aunts who gave her the modelling bug. "Joyce was the Wella hair girl in the '60s," says Stephanie. "I've posed in front of the camera since I was in diapers."

Stephanie attended Catholic school from kindergarten through high school, dabbling mostly in art (the nuns actually put her sketches of nudes on display), clothing design (her fantasy label: Einahpets - or Stephanie spelt backward) and interior design. "When I was eight, my reading material was *House Beautiful, Architectural Digest* and *Vogue*. I decorated my dollhouses and crocheted blankets for my dolls. I took it all very seriously." By the time she reached the 10th grade, Stephanie hit new heights – five foot eight, to be exact – and that's when she decided to become a model. "I was 16 and I realised that I really could do it." Charm school was the first order of business. Stephanie took classes in everything from speech to make-up to behaviour. That year, she booked her first gig, the video for George Benson's *Masquerade*. "I played the love interest of a Mafia guy who winds up getting killed," she recalls. Next, it was off to college at nearby Fairleigh Dickinson University, where Stephanie landed degrees in business management and marketing, "so I could market myself as a

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

model and manage the money I made". After graduation, the jobs began to roll in: a stint on *The Cosby Show* ("I danced at one of Theo Huxtable's parties"), a string of rap videos on MTV and ads for Sprite and Clairol. Her newfound success also brought her into contact with some of New York's rich and famous, including Donald Trump ("He approached me at a loft party and began with, 'You look familiar ...'"), Eddie Murphy ("My girlfriends and I met him at the China Club and we all went back to his house in Jersey. He was a perfect gentleman"), and Dolph Lundgren ("We met at Grace Jones's birthday party"). Eventually, Stephanie wandered into *Playboy*'s Chicago offices on a lingerie photo assignment. Our photographer took one look at her and whisked her off to meet senior photo editor Michael Ann Sullivan. Within two weeks, John Adams's great-great-etc-granddaughter became a Playmate. How about another Adams in the White House?

Cowboys and Indycars

War has broken out again between Formula One and Indycars. But this time it's the drivers making all the noise, while the organisations call the shots, decides motoring editor Rob Luck . . .

If you needed any proof that Formula One and Indycars are heading for a serious new confrontation, then Nigel Mansell's bizarre suggestion of a million pound match race with Alain Prost should drive the issue home.

Since he was unceremoniously drop-kicked from Formula One, the world's most famous whinger has wasted no time slagging off at the drivers, the teams, and indeed the whole concept of Formula One. Indycars, he asserts, are the "way of the future" . . . the formula is "better than Formula One" . . . the drivers, the teams, in fact the whole infrastructure of Indycars is "vastly superior to F1".

Under normal circumstances, such a critical appraisal delivered by the current Formula One champ would have a degree of credibility. Indeed, Mansell is only repeating what many motorsport observers have maintained all along. But despite the apparent personality transplant that occurred as Mansell transferred from F1 to Indycars, most observers remain highly sceptical of Mansell's motives.

Sure, the "New Nige" was observed at his Gold Coast Indycar debut smiling, signing autographs, hugging dolphins and generally behaving like an all-round good guy. But under the sprayed-on smile lurks the same old Mansell – a bitter man, full of invective, ready to stick the motor-racing boot into the formula that abandoned him.

And it is the urbane M. Prost whom Mansell hates most. Prost slipped straight behind the Williams wheel that Mansell abandoned in a fury of self-righteousness. Worse, he cruised straight to a first-round world championship win.

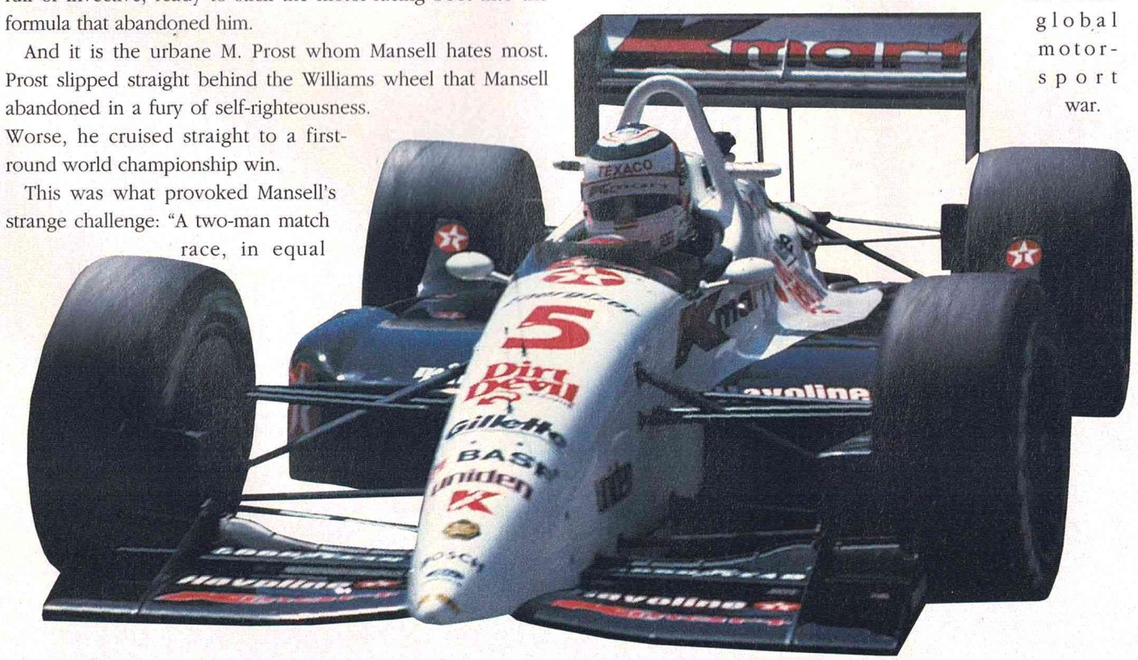
This was what provoked Mansell's strange challenge: "A two-man match race, in equal cars, on any circuit Prost chooses, for a purse of a million pounds, any time, any day." Of course, Nige failed to stipulate who would put up the two million-plus Aussie bucks (he certainly didn't offer).

Truth is, the chances of the shoot-out ever occurring in Formula One cars is pretty remote – guys like Frank Williams would hardly be likely to risk around $6 million worth of cars to satisfy a personal vendetta in what could turn out to be the world's most expensive dodgem derby.

Whether they grudge-race or not, the bitter war of words will likely continue. And it will be the catalyst that fans a new Indycar versus Formula One war on the world motor-racing stage. For the average media outlet – from the gutter tabloids to the ill-informed motoring/racing press – this is a bonus beyond belief.

For the sport itself, it is a lose/lose situation that could ultimately tear both formulas apart. Right now, Indycars are riding high on the crest of a Mansell-inspired wave. By the time this thing has finished, they will probably wish they had never heard of him . . .

Meanwhile the power-brokers in world motor racing are hunched in their command posts, mapping out the strategies for a new global motor-sport war.



"Our Nige": Slotted into his Indycar quite comfortably with a great win at Surfers – but he's still a bitter man beneath it all.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STOP PRESS

DECLARATION OF WAR

The last time the flak starting flying between F1 and Indycars it was the Americans who fired the first shots. While F1 was wallowing in its own sideshow of on and off-course bickering, the Americans quietly signed a deal for the first Indycar race outside North America – in Surfers Paradise, Australia.

That single action mobilised an enormous counterattack by Formula One and the so-called world governing body of motorsport, the FIA. They vowed to drive Indycars off the world motorsport stage. Drivers, promoters, and ultimately spectators were caught in the cross-fire.

Indycar chairman Bill Stokkan, who masterminded the "internationalisation" of the formula, accused the FIA of "holding innocent drivers to ransom" when the FIA threatened to revoke their licences if they participated.

In Australia, the war almost brought our governing body (CAMS) to its knees as Bob Jane's Thunderdome outfit formed a breakaway motorsport group, backed the Indycar race with a full field of Auscars and Nascar, and threatened to sign hundreds of Australian racing drivers to its camp. It was the World Series Cricket challenge of Australian motor racing.

In the end, tough-minded, quiet-talking Bill Stokkan won the day – the race went ahead, the FIA and CAMS backed down, and things cooled off.

Across the peace table a new deal was signed: Indycars could expand onto the global stage, as long as future events were "ovaltrack" only (the Gold Coast Grand Prix street circuit was allowed to stay). On the other hand, Formula One could pursue new road/street circuits in the US, but would stay out of ovaltrack racing.

To any astute observer, it looked more like a truce than a peace pact. But it worked. Until now . . .

Early this year, Formula One powerbroker Bernie Ecclestone threw down the gauntlet to Indycar racing when he announced the FIA World Ovaltrack Series. The idea was that new ovals would be constructed in Europe, and possibly old ones recruited in America for a series employing "Evolution" Formula One cars.

The hidden agenda was to cut off the Indycar global expansion plans at the pass. Already Stokkan had announced new international target markets, with circuits in Mexico, Japan, Brazil and South-East Asia. And barely had he aired his plans than he was surprised by a flurry of interest from European motorsport powers keen to promote the Indycar circus on either new (oval) or existing (road-racing) tracks.

To Ecclestone and the Formula One club, this looked like invasion by stealth and they moved fast to offer an alternative. But could the FIA Ovaltrack Series work when there were no European circuits ready (or even planned) and no obvious American defectors?

Of course, Ecclestone has a master plan . . .

Bernie is one of the world's best corporate bloodhounds and in America he quickly sniffed the scent of trouble in the Indycar ranks. Truth is, there are two factions in Indycar racing – the progressives and the conservatives.

The progressives, led by chairman Bill Stokkan, want to put Indycar racing on the global stage with a series to rival Formula One. The conservatives are essentially parochial

HOW INDYCAR RACING DIFFERS FROM F1

	F1	Indycars
Car/chassis		
Car	Each team must build its own chassis	Possible to buy cars
Chassis	Carbon fibre	Aluminium & carbon fibre
Aero	Flat-bottomed	Ground-effect
Weight	505kg (1100lb)	705kg (1550lb)
Engine		
Type	3 litre, normal aspiration	2.65 litre turbo
Participants	Renault, Ferrari, Ford Chevy, Ford Illmor (Chevy), Hart, Yamaha, Lamborghini, Mugen	
Availability	Restricted	All teams
Power	700	780
Max no of cyl	12	8
Max no of valves	No limit	4
Fuel	Special petrol	Methanol
Fuel capacity	No limit	180 litres (40gal)
Fuel stops	Not permitted	Allowed
Drivetrain		
Current boxes	Six or seven-speed	5/6 speed
Type	Electronic change	Manual only
Brakes	Carbon fibre, ABS	Carbon, ABS prohibited
Suspension		
Type	Computer-controlled traction control	No computer-aids
Technology		
Fly-by-wire	Permitted	Prohibited
Telemetry	Permitted	Prohibited
Active Suspension	Permitted	Prohibited
Racing		
Max speeds	340km/h	380km/h+
Tracks	Road/street	Road/street/oval
Av grid	26	26
No of teams	16	16
Start	Standing start	Flying start
Incidents	No outside assistance allowed	Push & tow-start
Crashes	Pacecar	Yellow flag
No of race winners last season	3	7
Drivers		
Top earn	$22 mill	$2 mill
Market		
Max race attend	200,000 (Suzuka)	900,000 (Indy)
Av race attend	105,000	165,000
TV markets	90	105
TV audience	450 mill	300 mill

RACETRACK RESULTS

Close racing has become a major issue in the debate over F1 and Indycar. We compiled these two interesting sets of data from two comparative rounds . . .

	F1	Indycars
No of starters	26	26
No of finishers	7	18
No cars qualified over one second	1	15
No cars finished on same lap	2	5
Winner's margin	75sec	5sec

Spend the night with Marilyn, Madonna and Bo . . .

FOR FREE!

Subscribe now for $59.50 and get this very special edition of Playboy's Foxiest Females as well as 12 titillating issues of Australian Playboy. Available only in America until now, Australian Playboy brings this collection of famous women to the Aussie male for a limited time . . .

YES! Please start my subscription to *Australian Playboy* and send me my FREE copy of *Foxiest Females.*

☐ **I am a new subscriber.** ☐ **I am extending/renewing a previous subscription**

I enclose a cheque/money order for $59.50 made payable to *Australian Playboy* - or charge my credit card as follows:

☐ **BANKCARD** ☐ **VISA** ☐ **MASTERCARD** ☐ **AMERICAN EXPRESS**

Card Number: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Cardholder Name .....

Signature ..... **Expiry Date** .....

Send AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY to (MR/MS/MRS/MISS/DR)

First Name ..... **Surname** .....

Address ..... **State** .....

Postcode ..... **Contact Phone No. (** **)** ..... **(Business Hours)(** **)** .....

Send coupon to: FREEPOST 33,* The Subscriptions Manager, *Australian Playboy*, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010

***No postage stamp required if mailed in Australia. Offer available to Australian residents only. Please ring for overseas rates. WHILE STOCKS LAST PB0793**

COWBOYS AND INDYCARS

Americans who are not interested in the world beyond the Yewnited States.

Caught up in the powerplay are the sponsors. While many of these are global (Marlboro, K-Mart, Valvoline etc), their budgets still come from their American corporations (not a global fund as with Formula One). And many more sponsors only have local or North American markets (Miller Draft beer, Havoline Oils etc). There is no commercial gain for their expensive sponsorship dollar in races staged on the Gold Coast in Australia or Tokyo, Japan.

But there is also a wild card: Indianapolis. This small town just happens to host the world's biggest motor race, which just happens to provide the name for the successful motor-racing series. Problem is, Indy chief Tony George feels he and Indianapolis don't have a big enough say in Indycar racing affairs.

More than once he has snubbed the Indycar organisation decisions and gone his own way. And he has allowed Bernie Ecclestone to woo him as a "possible" Formula One racing venue.

This is powerful manoeuvring with high stakes. Essentially, Tony George wants to run Indycar racing in the US, so he is running against democratically elected Bill Stokkan, the chairman of CART (Championship Auto Racing Teams), the organisation that currently controls Indycar racing.

Recent moves indicate George is flexing his motor-racing muscle. In one instance he formed a marketing group and signed most of the Indycar drivers. In another he defied the CART ruling against allowing Honda to compete by coming up with a new formula.

Indycar rules state that no engine manufacturer can compete in Indycar racing, unless identical engines are offered to at least one other team. This rule shows a lot of savvy, as it prevents the sort of one-make domination that has ruined F1 racing.

Honda refused to compete on those terms and publicly cancelled its Indycar racing plans. George figured this was bad news (Honda has been the largest selling car in the US for several years) and sought a compromise.

This was okay, but the way in which he approached the solution clearly signalled his loner approach. Instead of channelling his ideas through the CART board, he publicly announced a prototype engine formula for the Indy 500 that would allow new engine manufacturers to compete for the first year only in their own team. In the next year, or if they were successful, they would have to provide engines to other teams.

Honda looks like accepting the deal, and potentially this puts the Indy 500 on a collision course with the rest of the series, upping Tony George's odds in the powerbroking stakes. But the wily Stokkan, quick to recognise a good idea (even if it is not his own), looks like he has persuaded the Indycar board to accept the same deal.

In the parry and thrust of this internal Indycar political battle, Stokkan has so far maintained his command, but it is clear that he will always have to watch the rearguard action from his own side.

Meantime, one thing looks certain: Formula One cars will not be racing at "The Brickyard" (Indianapolis). The cars are too light, too flimsy to cope with ovaltrack barrier impacts, and have all the wrong kind of aerodynamic engineering to cope with the sensational speeds. In short, Bernie's ovaltrack threats are little more than chest-thumping at this stage.

Stokkan, on the other hand, sees it differently. If Ecclestone has broken the accord and opted for F1 ovaltracks, then this gives Indycars the right to pursue their global motorsport ambitions – this time with any kind of track they choose, including the easier-to-find street and road-racing circuits. Fortunately for F1, Stokkan is right now busy patting the local troops and massaging the mega-egos at home. The next new Indycar events on the agenda are not in Japan, Europe or South-East Asia, but the important Texas and Florida markets, followed by Mexico (recently linked to the USA and Canada in the North American Free Trade Agreement).

For him, fast international moves look like they are out of the question, but this is not due to lack of interest. In recent months, major motorsport interests in Holland, Germany and Italy have offered to stage Indycar events – on any kind of track, from ovals to street circuits.

And in the UK, the flurry of interest generated by Mansell's defection has led at least two major circuits to announce plans for ovaltrack facilities "suitable for staging Indycar events". These are no less than Silverstone (which staged the British Grand Prix) and Donington (which staged the European Grand Prix).

And while Indycar racing is on the boil, F1 is under siege. The FIA is forcing radical technology changes that are unpopular with some teams, and the world recession has seriously affected commercial support at every level. Crowd figures are down and TV audiences drying up. Circuits are dropping out of the calendar due to financial difficulties and regulations.

By any measurement, Formula One is on the back foot and Indycar racing is on the charge. Just who will win this global motorsport war? Stay tuned for news from the front. ¥

THE MANSELL FACTOR

Just signing Nigel Mansell to Indycars catapulted the formula from also-ran to number one on the global stage – that's the big message of the biggest defection ever seen in world sport.

Indycars already command the biggest on-track audiences of the two formulas – the Indianapolis 500 alone commands a race-day crowd of more than 400,000 (making it the biggest single-day sporting event on the globe). Qualifying swells the total crowd to almost one million heads. This fleshes out the already-healthy figures polled by the other circuits on the 16 round Indycar calendar and Indycar races last year averaged 165,106 spectators – putting the American open-wheelers ahead of Formula One, according to motorsport statistics.

But world TV audiences have so far eluded the somewhat parochial (North American) formula. Delayed coverage, highlights and special packages for overseas networks have failed to produce more than a handful of viewers outside North America in the three years since the sport went "international".

But all that changed when Mansell signed to drive with the Paul Newman-Carl Haas Indycar team. The magic of the Mansell name was sufficient to shift Indycars from an obscure American cable network, to a giant mainstream TV network with worldwide coverage. The Indycar audience trebled to 450 million in 90 countries – most of them served live by satellite with "translations" or "commentaries" in dozens of languages. Suddenly, Indycar was a global property. More than that, Indycar racing has now claimed the title of the world's most watched sporting series. The previous owner of that title? You guessed it: Formula One.

Suck My Sound System – Harder!

There's a great race going on between MiniDisc and DCC to capture the car audio market. Hi-fi editor Greg Borrowman sorts out the wow from the flutter . . .

If you thought the battle between VHS and Beta was fiercely fought, prepare for the next round. Again, in one corner of the ring we find Sony. But in the other corner, instead of Sony's competitor in the VCR stakes, JVC, we have a tag-team consisting of Panasonic (a sister company to JVC) and Philips.

The Philips/Panasonic team is arguably the most powerful alliance ever formed in the history of consumer audio electronics, and also one of the most unusual – the two huge multinational corporations are more often found in opposing camps. But what is even more strange is that it was Sony which helped Philips sell its idea of the compact disc to the major Japanese electronics companies.

DCC vs MD

The products that are causing all this angst are the MiniDisc recorder, or MD for short, which is a Sony invention, and the Digital Compact Cassette (DCC) recorder, a Philips invention. (Panasonic is only a DCC licensee, not a co-developer, but Matsushita, Panasonic's parent company, manufactures the transport mechanism that is presently used in all DCC machines, which makes Panasonic a major player. Panasonic is also championing the DCC cause in Japan on behalf of Philips, which, despite having a very solid manufacturing base in Japan, remains essentially a European corporation.)

Neither DCC nor MD are intended to replace CD. All the participants in this particular contest agree that the compact disc is the undisputed world champion in terms of sound quality, cost (hardware and software), reliability and playing time.

Sony's new MD Walkman MiniDisc recorder, the MZ-1, is set to turn the audio world on its ear.

No, DCC and MD are lined up to replace the compact cassette, that diminutive, rectangular, plastic package that has managed to survive, albeit against the odds, for more than 30 years. From a humble start in a monophonic dictation machine, the analogue cassette has leapfrogged its way through the decades, always keeping in touch with technology, if never actually pushing to the forefront. Indeed, during the '70s, the compact cassette was the world's most popular medium for prerecorded music.

However, since the dawn of the digital age in the early '80s, audio engineers have seen the writing on the wall for the analogue cassette. Now, with the wide acceptance of CD, sales figures of both prerecorded and blank cassettes are tumbling; more important, so too are the sales figures of cassette recorders.

The smart money says that Philips' DCC system will capture the lion's share of the market for full-size digital home recorders, while Sony's MD system will win the hearts and minds of those who want miniature portable digital playback units that will slip into a shirt pocket or a handbag.

So far, this comfortable scenario looks like a pretty safe bet, because while Philips, Marantz and Panasonic have all released full-sized DCC recorders on the Australian market, no one has released a portable. Sony's first product, on the other hand, is the MZ-1 portable MD recorder, which it plans to release soon for around $1499. Sony says it will follow up with a full-sized MD machine, the MDS101 ($1800) and an in-dash car unit, the MDXU1 ($1900).

However, while the market is more or less agreed about the probable home vs portable market share of the competing formats, no independent industry analyst is yet prepared to make a prediction about that most important and profitable arena of them all: the motor car. And there is no doubt that whoever wins the fight for that small section of real estate on your dashboard that currently houses an AM/FM cassette player will be the ultimate winner of the DCC/MD battle.

CAR AUDIO SOURCES

Until recently, there has been no doubt that in the car, the compact cassette has been king. No matter what the make or model of car, a cassette player has been a mandatory inclusion – one of the so-called "standard" options, if you like.

The compact disc player has, however, made its presence felt. The problem is that most car enthusiasts are torn between a dashboard-mounted CD player, which can typically take between one and three discs at a time, and a boot-mounted CD stacker, which can handle up to 20 discs at a time. And, since they are unable to make up their minds between the two, some are simply electing to hook a portable CD player into the car's audio system by using a cheap adaptor that fits into the slot of any car cassette player, or doing without a CD player entirely, and instead buying a better quality cassette mechanism.

Unfortunately, even the best in-car cassette players cannot do justice to the amplifiers and speakers that are now common in Australian cars. Car audio equipment is the fastest growing sector of the audio market, and although most custom car installations are valued around $5000, car audio systems that cost $15,000 or more are not uncommon. When you couple a cassette player to equipment of this quality, the cassette's shortcomings quickly become evident – unseemly dollops of annoying tape hiss, high levels of wow and flutter (those quavery sounds that make musical instruments sound harsh and jangly) and reduced dynamic range (the amount of room between loud and soft sounds).

Although CD cures all these ills, it only does so at a cost. And the biggest element, of course, is the price itself. In-car CD players are not cheap, starting at around $600 for a run-of-the-mill in-dash deck and rising to around $10,000 for the best money can buy in auto-stackers. More significant, however, is that in a car, CDs are inconvenient. They are almost

DCC tapes contain alphanumerics, so you can see the album title and the name of the track that's playing – a feature that's also built into the MD system.

impossible to handle single-handed (assuming you are using your other hand to steer) and, if you do happen to lose one down the side of a seat while you are trying to extract it from its case, fairly easy to scratch. At around $28 a pop for a top-selling CD, those scratches can hurt.

Last, but far from least, for some peculiar reason, people who listen to music in cars are happiest listening to compilations they have assembled themselves . . . and that means they want the ability not only to play back, but also to record.

RECORDABLE AND CONVENIENT

This is really where MD and DCC shine. They both provide totally noise-free sound, with a complete lack of wow and flutter, and ample dynamic range for the confines of a motor vehicle. In short, you get CD-like sound, but with the overwhelming advantage that you can record your own tapes and discs (copyright laws notwithstanding).

Also, both DCC and MD are convenient. The DCC cassette, for example, is an engineer's dream. You can open the case with one hand, after which there is only one way to insert it in your DCC player – you don't have to worry about "sides". More importantly, you do not even have to store the DCC cassettes in their protective cases, since the tape inside is protected by a sliding shutter right up until the moment play begins. As for stacking, the cassettes and the cases are completely flat, so storage is a breeze.

But I have left the best of all until last. Domestic DCC recorders are backwards-compatible, which means you can play all your old analogue cassettes in any of the newfangled DCC players.

Sony's MD system is also supremely convenient – perhaps even more convenient than DCC. It's an even smaller package, for a start – about the size of a 3.5" computer floppy disc – and, like DCC, also has a protective shutter that stops dirt and dust from reaching the recording medium. As you would expect of a disc-based medium, it offers incredibly fast access times (several orders of magnitude faster than DCC) along with superior information displays. However, it does not offer backwards compatibility.

So, if you elect to install an MD player in your dashboard, be prepared to duplicate all your software. And don't imagine you will be able to do it on the cheap. The cheapest blank DCC tapes sell for around $16 and blank MD prices are projected to be $21.95 for an MDW60 (60 minutes of recording time) and $25.95 for an MDW75 (75 minutes recording time).

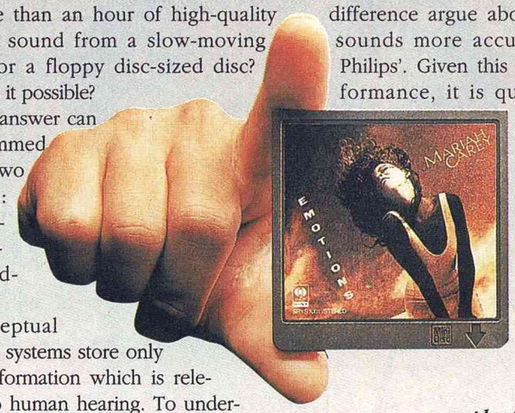
One problem that plagues the owners of car CD players is that, despite all the anti-shock devices built into car CD players, compact discs can still skip if you hit one of Australia's world-famous potholes (available free of charge on any major thoroughfare in your neighbourhood). On first examination it would seem that DCC has the advantage here – I mean, when was the last time your cassette player skipped? However, this time around Sony has risen to the occasion by including a 10 second solid-state memory with all its MD players. So, if your car hits a pothole that causes the reading head to temporarily lose its place, you won't experience any loss of sound.

Instead, the MD player will simply switch over and play back from the solid-state memory until the reading head relocates the correct position on the audio track. (This feature is also fitted to Sony's portable MZ-1 player, but since activities such as jogging mean the reading head is continually being interrupted, the 10 second buffer memory is simply not up to the task. Keen joggers who want digital sound may have to invest in a DCC portable instead.)

HOW IT'S DONE

More than an hour of high-quality digital sound from a slow-moving tape, or a floppy disc-sized disc? How is it possible?

The answer can be summed up in two words: perceptual coding.



Perceptual coding systems store only that information which is relevant to human hearing. To understand how this might work, imagine you are recording a conversation between you and your wife on a conventional analogue recorder. In the house next door, your neighbour is talking to his wife.

Now, while you may not be able to hear what your neighbours are saying, the sensitive microphone *can* pick up those sounds, so it records both your conversation and your neighbours' conversation. When you replay the analogue tape, however, you can still hear only your own conversation, because although your neighbours' conversation was picked up by the microphone, and is actually stored there on the tape, along with your own voices, you and your wife's conversation still drowns the weaker one out, just as it did in real life.

When you think about it, this is a waste of tape. What is the point of recording something you can't hear? Yet this is what all existing recording systems do: they record everything, regardless of whether or not it can be heard by the human ear.

In analogue systems this is simply a nuisance, but in digital systems it seriously affects the density with which audio information can be stored. Perceptual coders simply prefilter what is recorded, and then record only those sounds which are relevant. In the case of our example, a perceptual coding recording system would decide that since your conversation was the only one which would be audible to the human ear, it will record *only* your conversation – the other discussion would simply be ignored.

For all this, the amazing thing is that even under ideal listening conditions, most audio experts cannot distinguish a PASC or ATRAC-coded copy from a CD original.

And those who say they can tell the difference argue about which version sounds more accurate – Sony's or Philips'. Given this high level of performance, it is quite obvious that sound quality is not going to be the deciding factor in determining which of the new systems will be first past the post.

MiniDisc is the world's smallest digital audio carrier, yet can replay for a full 74 minutes.

THE GAME THEY PLAY IN HEAVEN

Hi, how's the happy couple? J've come to watch the game...

You're going to get egg on your face - my team'll win...

No way! You'll see - our lot'll win, no risk...

Bullshit!

Hi

Hi

Let's get set, it'll start soon...

Are we gonna have anything to eat?

J've already ordered pizza...

Shall J set the table?

Yes, let's get everything ready now so we don't miss anything...

Need any help?

If you don't mind...

Sure!

Get drinks, will you?

Y-yes

Can you see from there?

Yes... J don't like being too close...

That'll be the pizza.

You go - J'll do the table...

J... J've got no cash with me

RING!

Hi, here's your pizza...

How much?

Okay, keep the change...

Ta!

And they're about to kick off. The teams are lining up...

Did J miss anything?

No, no, just a quick attacking move...

The teams are still feeling each other out...

You only brought water...

Yes...

...and now the reds are making a tactical move...

Bring some wine...

Okay

J'll help...

As they go on the offensive...

...attacking the flanks...

...the visiting team is showing its potential...

...the home team is showing weakness in covering...

Where's the wine?

Mm...

Pizza without wine is useless...

Ah...

The defenders won't let the visitors in so easily...

...and there's a danger with taking risks and getting off-side

Put some coffee on, sweetie

Okay. Coming?

But if they keep up the attack they'll get...

into the home team's area...

Cover!

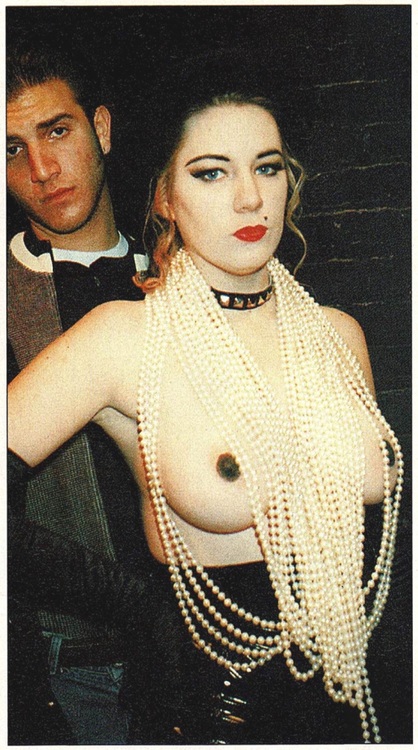
...the home team's going to give a goal away...
Yes... here it comes...
Goal !
One up to the visitors ! What a great score !
Ah...
I could see that coming ! They let him shoot...
They sure did...
Don't give up now ! Attack !
Mm
Now the home team's on the attack...
Off side !
...but it's out of play...
Just when they were there...
That's half-time already...
Yeah
Didn't you think they'd even the score ?
Yes... no... maybe !
I need the loo...
I'll show you the switch.
They're about to start again...
They're both excited, hoping to score...
Shoot, shoot !
It could go in this time...
Go in hard !
The visitors are mounting a surprise attack from behind...
..Yes !...
But now the home team's on top...
...charging for their goal...
...but all it does is bounce off the post...
3

Now the visitors are trying again...
...from behind ! Goal !
The crowd's really ecstatic...
The defence just gave it away. They let them in...
...at the friendly rivalry between these two...
We scored twice !
Why do I let it worry me ?
I feel a bit shagged out too !
And the game's over...
So, we'll see you soon ?
For sure ! Thanks for the pizza...
...etc...
He thinks I'm a jerk !
Did you see him smirking ? His team wins and he doesn't even pay for the pizza ! Bludger !

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SYDNEY FREELANCE

JUST DRIVE

Forget the capacity of the donk under the bonnet. Forget torque and grunt. Forget telling everyone what a "goer" she is. Your car has just become obsolete. Here we see the transport of the future. We particularly like the safety devices such as the "shoulder pads" that keep the driver in the car in case of emergency!

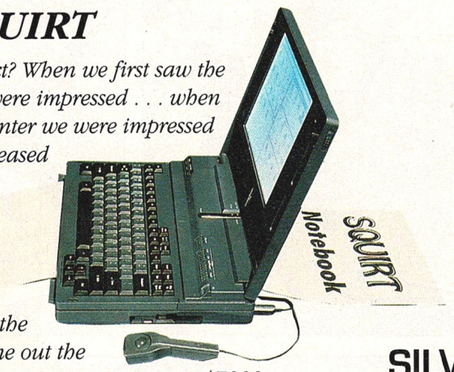


NICE NECKLACE

Wow! Just look at those pearls! I mean, have you ever seen so many oyster eggs in your whole life? This girl is obviously *loaded* . . . and doesn't she seem excited about life! Perhaps she's a little concerned about standing out at the Black & White function she's obviously headed for (mind you, the black nipples *are* a nice touch) . . .

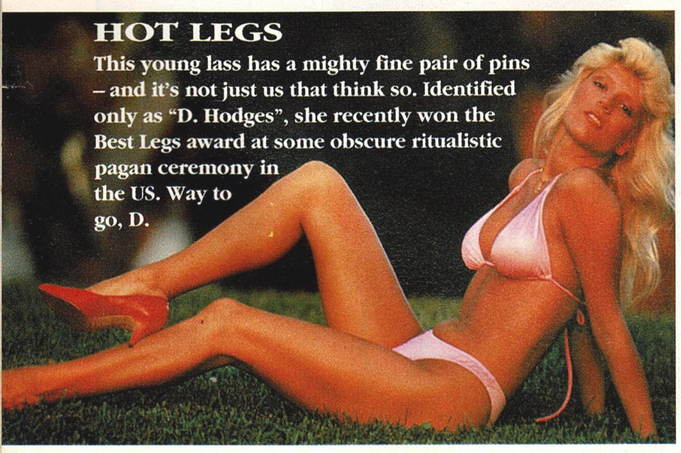
TAP AND SQUIRT

What'll they think of next? When we first saw the notebook computer we were impressed . . . when we first saw the mini-printer we were impressed . . . now Canon have released a notebook with a mini-printer as part of the package! The Squirt Notebook is a 486 computer that you can feed paper into the front of, and have it come out the back printed! Amazing. Prices start at just on $7000.



HOT LEGS

This young lass has a mighty fine pair of pins – and it's not just us that think so. Identified only as "D. Hodges", she recently won the Best Legs award at some obscure ritualistic pagan ceremony in the US. Way to go, D.



SILVER SCREEN

Sharp's new Twin Lens camcorder recently won a "camera of the year" award, so we thought you'd like to check it out. We reckon it *looks* great, and the folks at Sharp reckon it's one of the most innovative products on the market with the ability to shoot both wide angle and close-up at the same time, combining two images in one frame, by simply touching a button!

SMELLIN' GOOOOOOD!

As the folks at Yardley say, their Original collection has been formulated to reflect individuality, style and confidence. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? What's more, we've got 20 bottles of Yardley's Original cologne to give away – and all you have to do is call 0055 34545 to be in the running to win this great cologne!

TRICOM AUDIOTEXT: PREMIUM RATE - 25 CENTS BUYS 21.4 SECONDS

RHAPSODY CREDITS

The Individual Wig, Wheels & Doll Baby, Victoria Spring Designs, Kimya Miamgi, Accessories Peter Lang, Kylie Field for Ratatat, Vanessa Wood, Lisa Ho & J. Jackson Designs. Rhapsody management: Gene Pierson Corporation Fax 64 2 5557070; music publisher: Warner/Chappell; recording label: Laser/RCA.

OOPS!

Guess what? We forget to mention a couple of the great supporters of our Playmate of the Year back in the June issue. Yeah, we know it was a dumb thing to do – especially given how good Pru looked in their clothes. So, many thanks to Sunseeker Swimwear and Third Millenium clothing for this great gear.

The Aztec Sports Coupe expresses Giugiaro's talent for matching ergonomics with high performance like never before.

That also includes his stunning design of the JVC Car Stereo.

The CD changer features the exclusive JVC PEM DD 1-bit converter to produce the highest dynamic range. There's also the convenience of up to 18 disc multi-play from the one changer.

The Dynamic Super-A amplifier generates more power – and a cleaner sound – by providing the best of Class A & B amplifiers.

And with a revolutionary JVC DYNAS tuner, FM stations stay in perfect tune over far greater distances than was previously possible.

If you like Giugiaro's style and want a car that sounds as good as the Aztec, you know who to turn to.

JVC

NEXT MONTH

Guess who's nude!
Yes, it's the extraordinary Guess Jeans girl, Anna Nicole ("Vickie") Smith, on the brink of Hollywood stardom, in her sensational US Playmate of the Year pictorial!

The quiet Beatle
In this month's Playboy Interview George Harrison reminisces about the amazing days when the Fab Four ruled the world.

Compu-pu-pu-pu computer games
The war between Sonic the Hedgehog and Super Mario the Fat Plumber is hotting up – and it's adults like you they're recruiting.

The Playboy Sex Tapes Part II
Wet your lips – this month our all-girl forum gets down to cunnilingus!

20 Questions: Cindy Crawford
Okay, all you hopeful Richard Geres: Time to pick the brain behind the curves of the hottest girl in the world.

Plus a 16 page supplement of *Australian Playboy*'s spring fashion

SLAUGHTER

(continued from p.69)

and crushable next to such a display of natural might. Said Nic: "When I base-jump, my pants are only down until the parachute opens, but out here in the mountains I feel naked and exposed. I'm used to adrenalin in short bursts, not relentlessly."

As we climbed higher, the temperature dropped to about –20 degrees C and the wind lashed at our bodies, making the wilderness experience more intense. We were out there in every sense. The unrelenting ice and the thin mountain air combined to open the adrenalin floodgates. By the time we made the summit we had all lost more than 10 kilos in weight. However, for me, getting to the top of Trango didn't signal the end of the ordeal. We still had to jump off the thing.

From the summit, we abseiled over the edge of the 70 metre high seracs to find a rock ledge on top of the impressive north-east face. These seracs are giant ice cliffs slowly being pushed closer to the edge of the cliff under the weight of the ice behind them. Eventually they break off and avalanche to the glacier below, so every minute we spent under those seracs was borrowed time. It took us two days to chip 40cm of ice off the ledge for standing room only, but we watched the ice blocks falling and timed how long they took to slam into the gully 700 metres below. Eleven seconds was all we had. Death was the price of failure.

We made the jump together from an altitude of 19,300 feet (6000m). I was slightly in front of Nic with my helmet cameras facing backwards filming him and his facing forward filming me. I remember glimpses of hyper-real images. For the first three seconds I was floating: there was no sensation of wind. Then things started to come unstuck. Instead of being behind me the wall was facing me and I could see orange streaks in the granite curling down to the snow-filled gully. I had lost control. I was in a somersault. I gritted my teeth.

By the time I came out of the tumble I could feel the push of the air resisting my fall. When I looked down into the gully the snow looked so close I could've reached out and touched it. I knew that if I didn't open the parachute soon I would touch it, at about 200 km/h. I reached for the pilot chute, tucked into a pocket on my leg strap, but it was very stiff in the housing. This was the wrong time for a difficult pilot chute pull!

By the time I got it out of the pocket and pitched it to start the opening sequence, I swear that I could see every individual sliver of ice in the gully. I was hysterical, yet strangely relaxed. I had done all I could. Either the parachute would open or I would die.

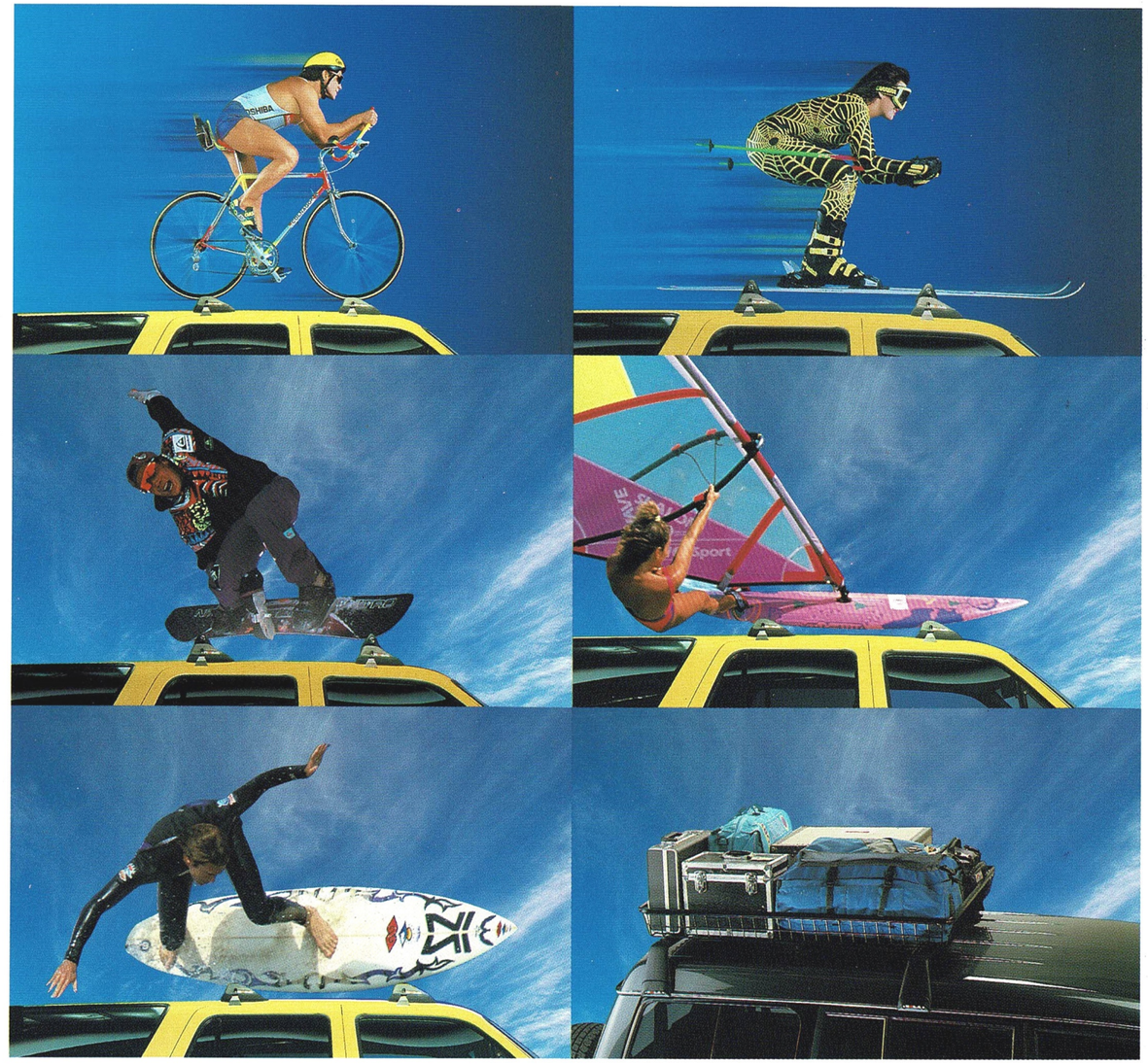
The jolt of the opening smashed the camera helmet down over my face. I tilted my head back to see that I wasn't facing the cliff. I looked down. I was between one and two hundred feet off the gully floor. I was too overwhelmed for words or thoughts. The somersault had shattered my confidence. I was humbled to the point of frailty. These awesome emotions had to be pushed aside so that I could steer the canopy across the glacier to our makeshift landing zone.

Nic and I didn't really know how fast we would be going when we landed in the thin atmosphere. We were used to getting out of the plane at these altitudes, not landing. We thought our legs would be broken.

The glacier below looked like the vertebrae of a giant serpent. We were flying over it with alarming speed. There was no way back now. I handed over to the autopilot in my subconscious and let him guide me in. At the last second I pulled down on the back of the canopy and it stalled just above the ground. I took a few steps and that was it – a stand-up landing at 13,800 feet (4000m). I was surprised to be alive, let alone standing up like I'd done a hundred high-altitude landings. The emotion was too much for me and I kneeled down. My wife Irina came over to me and all I could say was: "Life is sweet, so sweet."

I heard Nic hit the ground just behind me. He was okay. Only then did I learn that he had done not one but two somersaults during free fall. As cool as a cucumber he said to me, "Yeah, I saw the bulge of the wall and thought that I might hit it. I'm shocked that I looked death in the face and I wasn't concerned. I just dealt with it. You see how forgiving basejumping is!"

LOOK GOOD FEEL SECURE. ROLA ROOF RACKS



There's more to Rola than good looks.

Whatever your interest, with Rola Roof Racks you'll be able to carry valuable gear quietly, safely & securely.

Rola has roof racks to suit any type of vehicle and many accessories for almost any sport or load including cycling, fishing, kayaking, sailboarding, skiing, snowboarding, surfing & camping.

So relax with Rola on your next adventure.

Australian Design Award

ROLA

ROLA INDUSTRIES PTY LTD

Sydney	*02 743 5777*
Melbourne	*03 562 4622*
Brisbane	*07 875 1375*
Adelaide	*08 211 7600*
Perth	*09 383 1965*
Devonport	*004 243 006*

ROLA ROLA ROLA ROLA

Hertz Walpole SMS.0571 APB 19065-A

TERI WEIGEL

ARNY FREYTAG

ARNY FREYTAG

THE LAST BARRIER!

Those silky bits of nothing with frills on, those bras and pants and teddies, those knickers, panties, scanties, call them what you will — they represent the last barrier between you and that female body you so desire.
But taking a look through these pages, we think you'll agree that getting through that last barrier is half the fun!

KIM MIZUNO

Flowery bodies

ARNY FREYTAG

KIM MIZUNO

In one piece

STEPHEN WAYDA

TRACY KAHN

KEVIN STAPLETON

white

KIM MIZUNO

ARNY FREYTAG

STEPHEN WAYDA

Black lace

KIM MIZUNO

KIM MIZUNO

KIM MIZUNO

All of nothing

RICHARD FEGLEY

J.V. ENGLEHARD

J.V. ENGLEHARD

TRACY KAHN

TRACY KAHN

Nostalgia

BYRON NEWMAN

A clear view

BYRON NEWMAN

FREE:16 PAGE BOOK OF LINGERIE